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TWO CITY GIRLS IN A SOD HOUSE.

BY L. E. M. SMITH.



WE had been two very discouraged young women struggling for a living in a large city. But now, as we were approaching the end of a long journey that was to introduce us to life in the Western wilds, we were a very hopeful couple,

my friend and I. Brother John had been out West on a claim for some little time, and we were going to live in his sod shanty until we got settled on some claims of our own.

Now we had reached our destination, a little town twenty miles from my brother's claim. John had promised to meet us at the depot, but as we steamed up alongside the wooden platform upon which were collected the usual crowd of staring masculines, we were disappointed at not seeing him. One rough-looking Westerner attracted our attention by the intense interest and look of expectancy with which he gazed at the different windows of the approaching train. "A cowboy!" we exclaimed in trembling awe. This man was booted to the knee, above which were pants of a prevailing yellow hue, patched in various colors and places; then came an old, yellowish-streaked coat that hitched up in the back; a red, sun-browned face, half enclosed in a fringe of hay-colored whiskers extending under the chin from ear to ear, and atop of all this and a head of long, sunburned hair, was an old, faded felt hat (also yellow-hued) with a band of dried rattlesnake skin around its crown. When we got off the train we almost ran into this hay-colored apparition, who was now grinning from ear to ear, revealing, as he did so, a row of teeth that I immediately recognized as having been formerly in Brother John's possession.

"Why! don't you know me?" this sun-mellowed individual exclaimed as we were affrightedly pushing past him. And it was John's voice that spoke. He had left his home a smooth-faced, pale, studious-looking youth of twenty-one, and this outlandish-looking person, with the bronzed and whiskered face, appeared at least thirty years old. He was so great a surprise to me that I was unable to control the laughter excited by his funny appearance. Then when he had hurried us into the waiting-room, scandalized, no doubt, by my undignified behavior, my laughter broke out anew every time I looked at him.

Finally he stopped grinning and asked me what I was laughing at. Didn't he look all right? he asked. Hadn't he dressed up in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and didn't he feel uncomfortable enough on account of it all without being laughed at? I could only break out afresh and point at his whiskers. Then he sobered me by saying in a prophetic tone:

"Just wait until you have been out here a year and see how you will look!"

Was it possible that the wild West could work such wonders with me, too! Involuntarily I glanced at the receding train which, I suddenly remembered, could not take me back to the city.

The first thing John did was to walk us girls down the main street of the little town to a notary's office, where I made my declaratory statement and fled on some land that John had already picked out for me next to his own. How strange it seemed for us girls to be walking along so unabashed with this rough-looking man. I must confess that I felt rather ashamed of being seen with him, and my friend—well, she looked very disheartened. The storekeepers of the town all seemed to be stationed in their doorways and stared at us very hard. I thought it was on account of my brother's appearance, but then we met others that looked just like him, and they, too, did a lot of staring. John seemed considerably embarrassed by the attention we attracted, and hurried us from the notary's office to the hotel, where, in the seclusion of the hotel parlor, we expected to escape from the stare of the community. Through the open doorway leading into the back room we noticed a man hurriedly setting the table and laying plates for three persons. Evidently, through some occult influence he had learned that there were three exceedingly hungry persons in town. He was the hotel keeper. The parlor was a rather hopeless looking place, with its bare floor and scant furnishing. We girls took possession of the two solitary chairs that also seemed glaring at us, so vivid was their yellow coloring. John contentedly settled on the edge of the counter with his boots dangling in mid-air. The only other article of furniture was a sink, in which were a dissatisfied looking tin basin and a bucket of water. Over the bucket hung a small looking-glass and a comb secured to a long string. I ventured to look in the glass and started back in terror at the visage reflected therein. Was my brother's prophecy already beginning to come true?

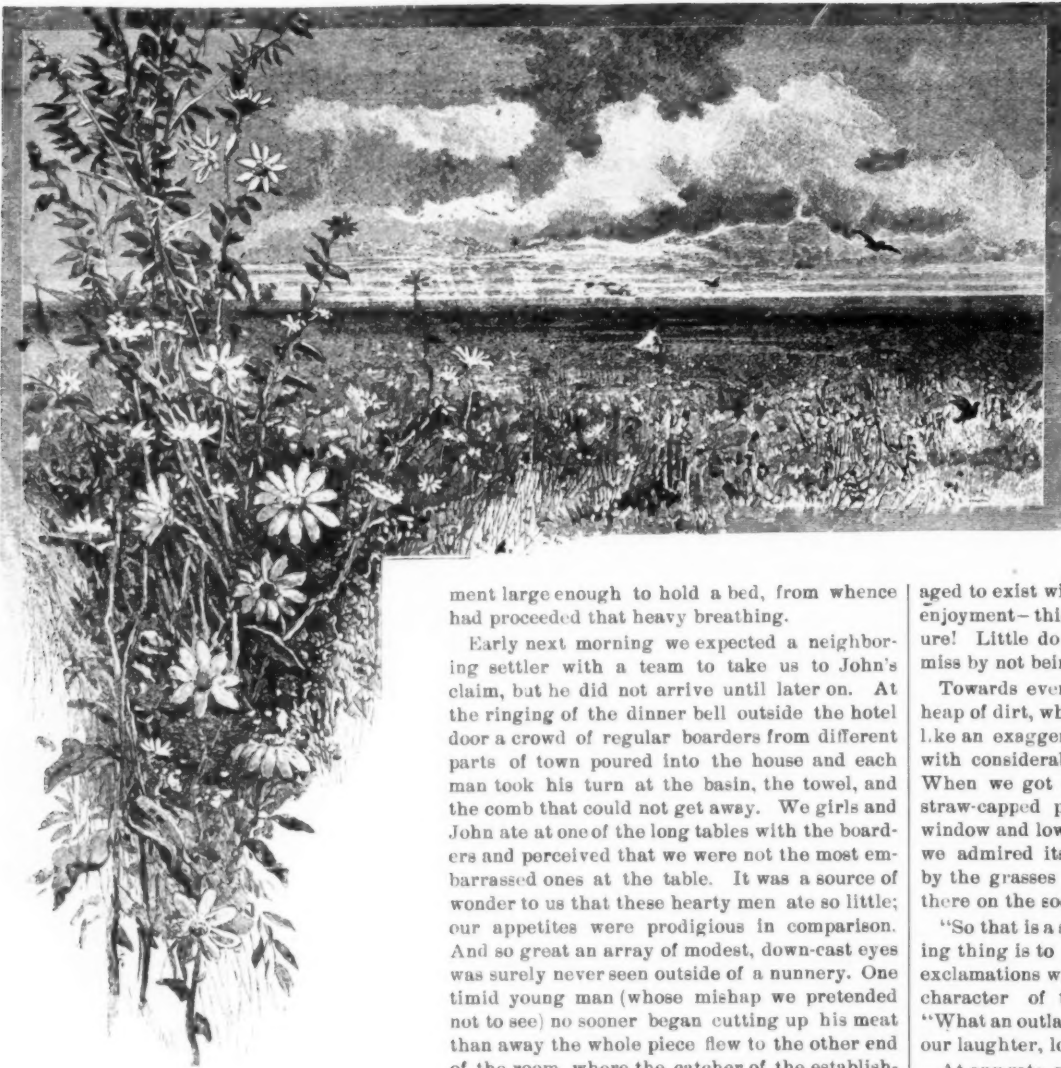
After eating supper we went outside on the wooden walk and naturally took to some barrels for seats. We did not long remain there. We soon became conscious that the eyes of the town

had ferreted us out and were turned towards the hotel from all parts of the street. Then, too, a walking-match seemed suddenly to have been inaugurated, and, strange to say, the route lay past our hotel door. Inside again, we felt less like curiosities, but were still embarrassed by the rather steady procession of men that passed and repassed the door, glancing in timidly as they went by. Several regular boarders of the hotel started to come in, but their courage gave way and they sheepishly backed out. My brother, all doubled up on the counter, was joined anon by our host, who proved a very friendly and talkative man. He seemed very much interested in us would-be pioneers. He remarked that he would enjoy looking in at us a week hence, when we were settled in my brother's sod-house; and he winked at John, and laughed in a very exasperating, if not sinister manner, we thought. And he frightened us, too, by telling us about the monstrous mosquitoes we would have to contend with on the prairie, and asked whether we were supplied with mosquito bars. No, we were not, for John had not mentioned mosquitoes in any of those enthusiastic letters. Perhaps he had been keeping those mosquitoes in reserve for a surprise. My friend and I exchanged apprehensive glances.

How Mr. Payne laughed at our florid conception of life on a claim. He said something about twisted hay and crying one's eyes out, but we did not understand what connection there was between eyes and hay, and did not pay much attention anyhow, for he seemed to be talking for the sake of hearing his own voice.

About nine o'clock Mrs. Payne asked whether we would like to retire for the night. We gave affirmative answers, but wondered where the bedrooms came in. Besides this front room and the back apartment, which latter was dining-room and kitchen combined, we saw no clue (except it might be a solitary door in a board partition in the kitchen) that could lead to the discovery of the bed-rooms that would be required for the accommodation of hotel guests. But Mrs. Payne, with great assurance, laid hold of this possibility, and we immediately found ourselves in a little room that was hung about with wearing apparel and crowded with the bed and a chest of drawers, which articles comprised the furniture. A moment after entering the room we looked around for Mrs. Payne, but she had mysteriously vanished.

We could not get to sleep very soon for various reasons, one of which was that a large proportion of the before-mentioned timid public, which was evidently heavily booted and very loqua-



cious, was coming and going in the room we had just vacated. Then, too, there was the sound of heavy breathing, that seemed to be in the same room with us. It was quite mysterious. Finally the boots no longer asserted themselves, and the voices thinned out. Apparently, the owners of most of these articles had left the hotel, while those that remained were accommodated with beds on the floors of both parlor and kitchen. A succession of dull thuds of heavy boots dropped on the bare floor were the next sounds we heard, and then, in a surprisingly short time after, a chorus of snores in all keys. These last sounds, wafted rather sonorously over the partition into our room, proclaimed that night—though not its silence—had settled on this little Western town. Naturally, we girls had gotten into an irrepressible fit of giggling, which we were trying to smother under the bed clothes. While thus agitated, we became conscious of a continuous rattling of stove lids proceeding from the cook-stove just on the other side of the partition. After a most unexplainable prolongation of this noise, which seemed to have been made to attract our attention, a timid voice from the vicinity of the stove asked if we were in bed and asleep, and could he (the rattler) “come through now.” We were nonplussed at first, but quickly throwing aside all stiff formalities to which city life had habituated us, we replied that we were “in bed and asleep,” and that he could come through. And the now subdued host rapidly passed through our room, squeezing past the bed and disappearing behind a calico curtain that had concealed the existence of a small compart-

ment large enough to hold a bed, from whence had proceeded that heavy breathing.

Early next morning we expected a neighboring settler with a team to take us to John's claim, but he did not arrive until later on. At the ringing of the dinner bell outside the hotel door a crowd of regular boarders from different parts of town poured into the house and each man took his turn at the basin, the towel, and the comb that could not get away. We girls and John ate at one of the long tables with the boarders and perceived that we were not the most embarrassed ones at the table. It was a source of wonder to us that these hearty men ate so little; our appetites were prodigious in comparison. And so great an array of modest, down-cast eyes was surely never seen outside of a nunnery. One timid young man (whose mishap we pretended not to see) no sooner began cutting up his meat than away the whole piece flew to the other end of the room, where the catcher of the establishment, a large dog, caught it “on the fly.” After that he did not venture to wrestle with a second piece of meat, and we were sorry, for the big dog in the corner looked hungry.

Between twelve and one o'clock we got started for our new home. Two large trunks with carpet strapped on top filled up half the wagon. A third trunk had to be left behind until called for. John asked us whether we or the trunks were to occupy the sod-house. We innocently replied that trunks did not take up much room, at which he smiled to himself but kept his own counsel. What a ride that was to us city girls! The air alone, so pure and fresh, was perfectly exhilarating, and we found ourselves drinking it in as though it were nectar.

Though awe-inspired and almost overpowered by the strangeness and immensity of the boundless views of earth and sky, our thoughts and feelings expanded under the influence of such boundlessness, and our spirits rose fortissimo. During the whole ride, which occupied from one to seven o'clock, we were inhaling the sweet fragrance of wild roses and other flowers with which the twenty miles of prairie was carpeted. We were almost wild with the exuberance of our spirits. There was no end to the delightful surprises teeming for us in earth and air, and sky and scene. Most of the time we were running or walking alongside the wagon, singing and shouting and picking handfuls of pink roses from the most delicate to the deepest shade of pink, and flowers of blue and yellow and purple, all of which were ever enticing us on to our new life. Our serious-looking neighbor smiled amusedly at our unsophisticated enthusiasm, thinking, no doubt, as

did Mr. Payne, that our *couleur-de-rose* view of the wilds would soon enough give way to the less poetically colored realities of “rustling.” When we got tired of walking, we hung on to the hind end of the wagon, and that was a delightful experience, and so exciting! particularly when the old settler mischievously whipped up the horses and we were compelled to let go of the wagon just because—I believe it was because our feet had ceased to have any connection with the ground which was flying from under them. At any rate, we were surprised, all of a sudden, to find ourselves standing all alone on the prairie, and the wagon far, far away. We wondered (that is, before we were shaken off) how during all these years we had ever man-

aged to exist without this great addition to life's enjoyment—this simple and inexpensive pleasure! Little do city girls know how much they miss by not being country girls.

Towards evening we came in view of a little heap of dirt, which, as we drew nearer, appeared like an exaggerated ant-hill. This, my brother with considerable pride pointed out as his house. When we got to it we gazed in wonder at the straw-capped pile of dirt with its little square window and low door of rough boards. And how we admired its picturesque appearance, caused by the grasses and flowers that grew here and there on the sod walls.

“So that is a sod-house!” “So that queer-looking thing is to be our home!” were some of the exclamations with which we tried to realize the character of this strange object before us. “What an outlandish looking place!” And again our laughter, long continued, filled the air.

At any rate we had begun our introduction to the wilds with anything but feelings of melancholy. Everything thus far, from the time we had stepped off the car until we had confronted this dark reality, had only been conducive to mirthfulness and exuberance of spirits. John proudly threw open the door of his house and revealed to our curious gaze the interior, which looked to us like a stable without the horses. The reality surpassed our highest expectations. “And we, human beings, are going to live in that place!” This time we did not know whether we wanted to laugh or cry. John seized a hoe and tried to make the interior look more presentable. He hoed out a mixture of hay and dirt,—and called it sweeping. While he was hoeing, his head hit against and set to swinging what looked to our still imaginative eyes (for we had not yet descended to *terra firma*) a chandelier, but which proved on closer acquaintance to be a lantern hung from a twig in the ceiling.

“Well,” said John, leaning on his hoe beside a big mound of earth which he had succeeded in coaxing out of the house, and looking at us somewhat puzzled, not to say uneasily, “Aren't you girls going to get off that wagon and stay awhile, or” looking at us suspiciously, “do you intend going back to town and taking the first train East?”

Poor John! He must have been afraid that we were going to desert him and leave him alone again to the cheerlessness and discomforts of his sod shanty.

“No, John,” said I reassuringly, as I prepared to descend from my height, “you have a lovely home, and we are going to stay a long while!” Then coming to the earth with quite a shock, I approached the door and, cautiously poking my

head into the house so as to take in the reality gradually and in small doses, suddenly drew it out again, involuntarily exclaiming: "Ugh! it smells just like a cellar!"

"Why, you just said it was a nice house," said John, looking somewhat ruffled.

"Well, it is, John, just like an ice-house;" then, sotto voce, "or a dungeon, either."

Poor Jeanette! Ever since her first glimpse of the sod-house interior she had lost her exuberance of spirits, and was now looking quite pale and dejected.

Our neighbor helped with the trunks, and then, with a last pitying glance at us girls, drove slowly away toward the setting sun. Outlined against the sunset sky could be seen the red roof of his house some three miles distance. He was our nearest neighbor! Besides this house there were no other signs of habitation. From horizon to horizon all was rolling prairie, except to the north of John's claim, where were miles of sand hills, and beyond these, a long line of misty blue hills marking the horizon. It really seemed as though we had been dropped down in the midst of a new, undiscovered world of which we were the only inhabitants. While absorbed in our surroundings we were suddenly startled by most peculiar noises that seemed to come from a rye field near by. It sounded as though a lunatic asylum was concealed under cover of that waving rye, such wild, crazy cacklings issued therefrom. Then, at regular intervals, in full, resonant tones, with an emphasis and a dwelling on each note, was rendered the alto of the first three notes of "Home Again." It seemed to proceed from out of the ground all around us, as though the earth itself were the musical instrument through which these rich, impressive tones were reverberating.

At the first outbreak in the rye field, we exclaimed in terror, "Oh, what is that?" and John, laughing at our ignorance, told us it was "prairie chickens." But when the old, familiar song, so soothingly though mysteriously rumbled around us, we were charmed and wondered whether the earth were a great music box. However, John informed us that this, too, was prairie chickens. But these were not the only sounds we heard; presently the prairie seemed alive with a variety of peculiar noises made by numerous feathered creatures, none of which were to be seen; they were all hidden away in the grasses. Indeed, did this seem a haunted and uncanny world, with all this hubbub and nothing apparently to produce it.

"Just wait," said John, seeing how nervous we were getting; "wait until you hear the wolves."

"Oh, no, we won't wait; let's run into the house!" we exclaimed, becoming fearfully wrought up.

"Yes, do let's, and see whether you can find a place for your trunks," said John. He went in ahead of us and we were following, when we perceived with horror that he was engaged in killing a snake that was about to glide across the floor from under the bed. Of course there was considerable screaming on our part, but John laughed and said that was nothing, that he sometimes found a snake in the bed when he was about to get in it for the night. Now, we were afraid to go in the house and decided that we would invent some new way of sleeping; that it would never do to go to bed. But John, who perceived that he had put more than one foot in it, tried to smooth over matters by telling us that the snakes were harmless; that they were about as afraid of us as we were of them, and as we would both run from each other there was no danger of a collision; that we would get used to them, and perhaps finally appreciate them.

We found no place where either of the two trunks would fit in the room, which was only 10x10 feet in size and was already crowded with its

present contents. John smiled, saying, "I told you so. You will have to keep them outside, you see. Good thing they are zinc-covered."

"I'll get supper to-night," said he, "for you'll have to learn how to use twisted hay."

"Twisted hay!" I echoed; "Why, what is that for?"

"For fuel," he replied.

"Why, don't you have wood to burn?"

"No, indeed," said he; then added sarcastically: "You don't see many forests growing hereabouts, do you?"

"Of course I don't; this is prairie."

"Well, Lizzie, that is why we have nothing but hay for fuel." Then taking up a big bunch of hay from a large pile at hand, he said: "You will have to learn how to do this; see, you take a big bunch of hay, but you must look out that there are no snakes in it, and twist it so, then tie it once, real tight, and there you are!"

"And will that cook a meal, that twist?"

John laughed heartily at this question and gave his head a big thump against the low ceiling as he was straightening out; then recovering himself, replied: "You perceive this small haystack heaped in the corner here? Well, before supper is cooked I'll have to go after half as much again."

While he was twisting hay we were employed in looking for snakes and examining our surroundings. Dirt floor, ditto walls plastered with mud, picturesque little square of window set deeply in the wall, affording an unusually wide sill though a very small amount of light—all the characteristics of a dungeon. But the ceiling, to our imaginative minds, was a glimpse of the woods. Very crisp and dried-up woods, to be sure. But, then, the imagination must have some exercise, and how could it be better employed than in coloring those leaves a fresh green?

Analyzed, the ceiling was composed, first, of some willow poles over which were some layers of willow branches, to which the leaves still clung ad libitum. Then on top of all this, forming the roof, a lot of straw piled up to a peak.

We had much faith in the magic effect that might be produced by feminine touches; but how could we touch up the dirt of that floor so as to make it lose its earthy character? And how could that tottering, rusty old stove, hesitating so weekly on lumps of crumbling sods in lieu of legs—how could such a hopeless object be transformed into a thing of beauty, etc.? Now, the walls could be touched up with pictures. We had a sufficient number of prints, engravings, pretty chromos, etc., in our trunks to almost hide the ugly walls from view.

That cupboard, consisting of a macaroni box suspended from the ceiling and held against the wall by wooden supports, could be wonderfully improved by a turkey-red curtain; so could that little window. How pretty that bottle of flowers will look on the window sill with the red curtain back of it. "Why, John won't know the place when we get through with it," said Jeanette, anticipantly.

"We might have some vines climbing over the walls," suggested I.

"Or mice and snakes," ventured John, as he filled up the stove with twists of hay and started the fire going.

"My gracious, John!" I exclaimed a moment afterwards, "that stove is smoking!"

"Oh, is it?" he said coolly; and out of every opening and crack in that horrid stove were pouring puffs of smoke, while with a roar the flame rushed up the stove-pipe and was gone. Then it was time to poke in more hay, which acted just like the other; in this way John was dancing around like a hen on a hot griddle, twisting and poking in hay and frying bacon and things, but particularly in twisting and putting in hay.

Jeanette and I rushed outside and wiped our smarting and tear-streaming eyes. After regaining my breath, I stuck my head in the doorway and asked:

"What makes it smoke that way, John?"

"Oh," he answered, as he came out doors twisting some hay which he had grabbed on the way, and wiping his eyes on his sleeve, "it has a habit of smoking; you can't expect hay to be free from all bad habits, you know;" then he went in again to poke in more hay. I remembered, now, Mr. Payne's dark hints about twisted hay and crying one's eyes out. Now I saw the connection. Again my head and an interrogative were thrust into the house. "Oh, I say, John, it does not smoke like this all the time; does it?"

"No, not always like this," he answered as he came out for some more air; "no, this is nothing to what it does sometimes."

"Oh, Jeanette!" I cried in accents wild, joining her around the corner of the house where she was still engaged in wiping her eyes, "did you hear what he said?" There in silence we sat for awhile on a pile of sod against the wall of the house.

"Anyhow, Lizzie," finally broke out my friend, "we can enjoy the outside of the house. Did you ever see so many lovely flowers! Why, if we were as rich as Croesus we could not be better supplied; and the views—could we ever tire of them?"

"That's so, Jeanette," said I; "there are more than enough out here to make up for the miseries inside the house. But then, if our eyes are always to be full of tears how can we see the beautiful things in our surroundings?" Just at this point Jeanette jumped up from her seat with a scream of affright, exclaiming:

"Did you see it? that snake!"

"No! Where?" I screamed, tumbling off my seat in excitement.

"Right there at your back! but it's gone now. It came out of that little round hole in the wall and immediately darted in again. It was a little snake. There must be a whole nest of them inside of the wall."

"Horrors, Jenny, don't mention it."

"What's all this hullabaloo about?" inquired a smoke-begrimed, weeping individual just appearing round the corner of the house.

"Snakes!" we screamed, laughing uproariously at his comical appearance.

"Oh, is that all?" I thought it might be wolves," drawled this cool brother of mine.

"Then he continued: "Perhaps the snakes have given you an appetite for supper;—it's ready."

We did have appetite enough for two or three suppers, but we did not think it was on account of the snakes; rather it was in spite of them.

Over two hours had been consumed, together with an enormous amount of hay, in cooking this supper of fried bacon and potatoes, pancakes and coffee, all on account of the hay fuel which is so "poky." The table consisted of an old chest, elevated on stout sticks. Jenny sat on the bed, John on the bench and I on the trunk. How we laughed at our host's array of dishes: One cracked plate, one cup without a handle, one tumbler, one fork and two knives—one of the latter being a murderous-looking butcher-knife. A pie-pan and a bucket lid for plates and a tin can for a cup eked out the dishes. The one fork and two knives being distributed impartially we proceeded to eat the most enjoyable meal we ever had. How good everything tasted and what fun we extracted out of all the inconveniences! It seemed like a picnic. In our jollity, too, we forgot all about the snakes. Had Mr. Payne looked in on us at this time he would have thought that we were rather pleased than otherwise with our crude surroundings.

I had taken so great a fancy to the picturesque

ceiling that my eyes were continually turning towards it.

On one of these occasions, as I was raising a cup of coffee to my mouth and my eyes to the ceiling, I was startled by perceiving a little tongue of flame working its way through the dry leaves around the stove-pipe. I was dreadfully excited, and could only point at the flames and wildly ejaculate, "Look! Look!" The other two, whose backs were towards the stove, thought I had gone crazy, seeing me look so excited, with my eyes staring at one spot in the ceiling, my finger pointing, and that one reiterated cry of "Look, look!" They finally did look. Then they, too, appeared wild; my brother grabbed his can of coffee, Jennie the wash-basin, and I, who by this time had come to my senses, seized the wet dish-cloth. John dashed his coffee at the flame, Jenny her basin (which rebounded, hitting her on the head), and I dashed out of the door and found myself scaling the sod wall as nimbly as though to the sod-house born. Upon the roof I found smoke only, issuing from the straw. While I was tearing the straw off by handfuls I was conscious of two figures rushing excitedly to a little spring in a hollow a short distance from the house. Just as I had reached the flame which I was trying to wipe out with the dish cloth, the two returned with the basin and a small tin bucket of water which they handed up to me. John then got on the roof and bossed the conflagration, while Jenny and I ran excitedly for water, making many breathless trips between the house and the spring. When we thought the fire was all out and were stopping to rest, it was fanned into flames again by prairie breezes. So John remained on the roof for some time watching it. After that night we never cooked a meal without one of us being stationed on the roof ready to put out the first incipient conflagration that might assert itself.

With the dripping stove and the muddy floor, the interior of the house presented a more melancholy appearance even than before. We were all three considerably sobered by this unexpected interruption to our festivities. I wondered whether this first evening's experience in a sod-house was the key-note to our future life on a claim. Were we fated to be haunted by snakes and devoured by flames? "Now, if it should rain to-night," observed I, "the rain would have a good chance to get in through that opening made by the flames around the stove-pipe."

"And that would astonish the rain!" said John, with a moaning laugh.

"Why, the roof does not leak, does it?"

"Y-e-s," drawled John, "in places."

"What places?" asked I, to his utter confusion.

"Oh, where it happens to find a place through," he answered evasively.

"But, John," persisted I, "tell us where those places are, so we can be prepared when it rains."

"Why don't you ask where the dry spots are?" he asked, recklessly; then added, "I am sick of this subject; it is getting rather dry."

"Well, I don't think so," said Jenny, laughing.

"If you must know, then," said he, "listen: When it rains there is just one dry spot in this whole room, and if I tell you girls where that place is, I won't have any place to go to when the rain is pouring down."

The groans that then filled that little sod house must have been very cheering to John's conscience-stricken feelings.

"Oh, John, you never spoke of the roof in any of those letters," said I reproachfully.

"Didn't I?" said he sheepishly. "I guess I must have forgotten. You see, it rains so seldom out here that when it does we are so glad for the crops that a drenching to ourselves is rather agreeable than otherwise."

"Half-past nine, girls. Time to go to bed if we are going to get up at six and have an early

eight o'clock breakfast!" We were surprised at the lateness of the hour, for it had been dark only a few minutes.

John had told us in "those letters" that sleeping accommodations need not bother us, that we could have his large bed, and he could sleep in the chicken house if he found no other place. So now, I wanted to know where the chicken house was located, and he led us to the back of the house and pointed out two crumbling sod walls of about five feet in height, across which was stretched a slender pole. "Behold the chicken house," said he.

I told him he shouldn't sleep there, that he would have to sleep in the house, and we would all put up with pioneer accommodations as did the other settlers, for the wolves would eat him up out there, and he would catch a cold and the snakes would get at him.

We made him a bed on a lot of hay (he said the snakes would not bother him) on the floor at the foot of our bed. We had a quantity of bed-ticking in our trunks. Out of this we made a large curtain which enclosed our bed and a tiny space at its head. This enclosed space we used for a dressing room.

We expected to lie awake on account of the snakes, but were so tired and sleepy that we forgot all about them. We did not hear any wolves that first night but were conscious of a great deal of rustling overhead in the willow branches. "What new terror was this!" John finally responded to our excited exclamations with:

"Prairie mice—let me 'lone—go 'v' sleep!"

These mice presently got so bold that they ran all over the bed and up and down the curtain. Towards morning, however, they quieted down a little, and notwithstanding our terror we fell into a deep sleep, from which we did not awaken until the dawning of our first morning on a claim.

MONTEREY.

Be it night or be it day
At the mission, Monterey;
Do the waters rest or play
In their ruffled, cold array:
There Emelia with her shells—
Fairest of the Mexic belles—
Wistful, looks upon the bay,
O'er the dunes of Monterey.

Ring the bells of Carmello,
Ring softly, ringing slow,
Hanging in a musty row,
Since the time of long ago—
Call Emelia from her shells—
Sweetest of the Mexic belles—
Calling faintly o'er the bay,
O'er the dunes of Monterey.

Pretty shells of pink and white,
Shells of opal, glinting bright,
Umber tints and azures bright,
Blacker shells than starless night:
Bright Emelia, 'mid her shells,
Singing from their tiny cells,
Listens as they tell the way
Men have lived at Monterey.

Hold her sea shells to your ear;
Sing to me the song you hear—
Sounding far and sounding near—
Singing softly, singing clear!
Sweet Emelia, your sea shells
Ring to me like silver bells
From some loved one far away
Calling me at Monterey.

Senors dark, and senioritas,
With their laughing, dark eyes, greet us—
With their flashing, bright eyes, meet us—
(Mark the time, a loved hiatus!)
But Emelia, 'mid her shells,
Casts the rarest, sweetest spells
O'er us while we briefly stay
By her side at Monterey.

Dark the waters, dark and blue,
Frigid shadows there accrue,
All the passing clouds subdue,
And their tints the waves imbue.
But Emelia, 'mid her shells,
Ever to my spirit tells
Rarest memories of a day
Spent in quaint old Monterey!

JOHN J. REAGAN.

OF INTEREST TO SETTLERS.

Diversified Farming in Idaho.

A writer in the *Kendrick Gazette* says that here, a great interest taken in fruit culture will ensure the grower the never failing market of all the mountain and mining towns of the vast Northwest region—a market ever growing and in which prices will be sustained, which will amply repay the dealers and growers alike. Also stock on a small scale by each farmer will be found to pave the way to independence. The climate and soil are such in this especial part of the great Inland Empire that diversity can easily be achieved. And we have a class of intelligent farmers, well adapted to the culture and development of many different industries in their line. It is only the serf that can be held down to one line of thought or one line of employment and the longer any people submit to such a course the less their ability for vigorous and successful enterprise outside their particular routine. Therefore I would say to the farmers, do not submit to efforts in a single line, but develop every possibility of thought as well as every possibility of the soil and climate of this your adopted home, for only by this means will the part of the State in which we are especially interested attain its greatest development in prosperity and wealth.

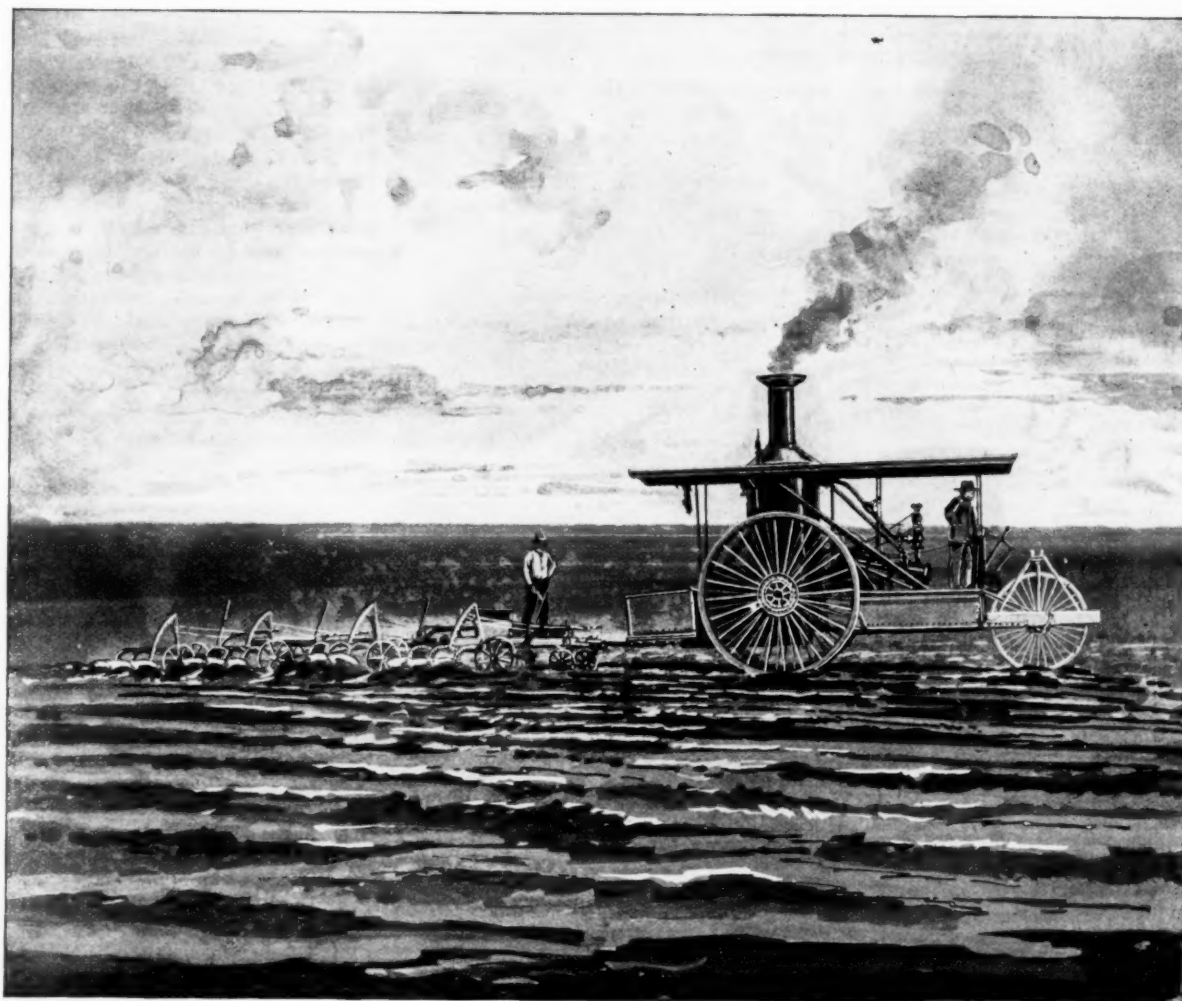
The Colville Reservation.

The Northport, Wash., *News*, speaking of the reservation, says: It is said the reserve is literally filled with rich veins of gold and silver. The beauty of it is, old prospectors tell us, gold is cropping out at the grass roots. Many a man has already secretly located his claim over there, and as soon as the reservation is opened the greatest rush ever known in any country will be made for that section. Prospectors are in the hills in every direction, and valuable strikes are being constantly heard of. This is indeed the sportsman's paradise, as the creeks and rivers afford excellent fishing, and the mountain ranges abound in deer, bear and other wild animals, while geese, ducks and other smaller game are plentiful. A visitor of the reservation says: "On our return trip we followed a new route, and the remarkable fertility of the reservation hill and bench lands attracted great attention. The grain crops grown on the Indian farms would challenge admiration anywhere. This, too, without a drop of artificial irrigation. Such a wealth of bunch-grass as was seen upon every hand indicated also the admirable character of the grazing lands soon to be opened to the white herdsmen. So attractive are these lands that no great stretch of fancy was required to enable one to see hundreds of comfortable homesteads dotting the bench lands or to hear the jingle of spurred knights of the lasso in mad pursuit of the festive 'peg horns' over the grassy hilltops, where now, the department's dusky wards are practically lost in limitless, fertile space."

There is no Desert.

Among the surprises furnished by the Inland Empire since the advent of the whites none is greater than that afforded by the great crops which are yearly harvested on lands passed over by the first settlers as barely fit for cattle ranges. Indeed, it may truthfully said, remarks the *Spokane Review*, that the entire country was rated as little better than a desert by those who first traversed it, and bold indeed and indifferent to the shafts of ridicule were they who first attempted the cultivation of the soil.

The singular belief in regard to the sterility of the country did not die out with the proof that one section was fertile and needed only cultivation to make it produce abundantly. When it



STEAM PLOW AT WORK ON THE GREAT MANHATTAN FARM NEAR BOZEMAN, MONTANA.

was shown that the Palouse and Potlatch countries were unequalled as grain producers the old hallucination still clung about the Big Bend and it is only within the last half dozen years that any attempt has been made to cultivate the uplands in that region. The results attained have astonished even those who had sufficient faith in the country to make the trial, and now they fall far short of what would follow the advent of a complete system of railroads and the opening of the Columbia River to the sea. Two years ago last fall, when the yield of grain was so great throughout the entire country, the Big Bend was literally buried under the produce of the soil. The imperfect transportation afforded militated greatly against that section and months elapsed before the bulk of her harvest was marketed. Indeed, the next season's yield found some of the previous year's harvest still housed in the granaries and barns of the Big Bend.

Another region which has suffered equally from all the causes which have heretofore retarded the growth of the Big Bend section, is the Okanogan Country. Except in a few localities where agriculture has been successfully carried on the greater portion of that section is still regarded as fit only for grazing cattle. The same lack of means of transportation has retarded development of the various industries, and the country, aside from its mineral deposits, is chiefly regarded as good for little. It will not be at all surprising if, in the course of a few years, that section will show that with proper tillage much now condemned as worthless land will produce abundantly.

The question of transportation is also becoming solved to a great degree. The advent of the

Great Northern will do much for the Big Bend and a line of steamers on the Columbia will help the Okanogan Country. When the net-work of railroads now grid-ironing the Palouse Country shall have been duplicated in the Big Bend and Okanogan the output of those sections will far surpass anything dreamed of by the most enthusiastic and sanguine of the early settlers.

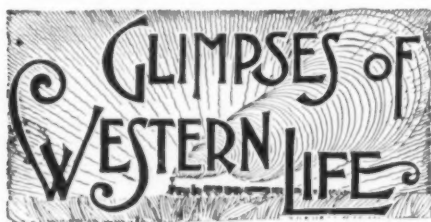
A Big Thing for Washington Fruit.

According to the *Tacoma Ledger*, a new refrigerator car for the transportation of fruits and vegetables has recently been tested in the East and promises to revolutionize this kind of transportation, which has already grown to be a large business. The first car of the new pattern has a freight capacity of thirty tons. In each end is a galvanized iron tank extending from bottom to top of car, and occupying but two feet of space in width. These tanks, designed to contain the patented refrigerific compound in connection with the ice, are connected by means of a channel way or flat pipe through the middle of the car under the floor, through which the cold radiates from the solution evenly and with any desired degree of intensity.

At a normal temperature of sixty-six degrees the car was charged with one and a half tons of ice in the tank at each end, to which seventy-five pounds of the compound was added to produce the desired decrease of temperature, which inside of twenty hours indicated thirty-two degrees; in thirty hours, twenty-eight degrees, at which point it remained undisturbed and unchanged for a period of ten days, and did not go above the freezing point for eighteen days. The ice tanks remained sealed and undisturbed for

exactly twenty-five days, at which time the average temperature was just below forty degrees, and over one-quarter of the original ice remained intact in the tanks, which alone would have continued the temperature beyond thirty days, at a lower point than has hitherto been obtained by the use of enormous quantities of ice and salt, almost daily replenished, for the present transportation of perishable articles. It is claimed that this car will transport perfectly ripe fruit from Washington to Chicago in good condition. At present all fruit for transportation for so long a distance has to be picked before it is at all ripe. It will also greatly reduce the cost for ice, and so lessen the cost of transportation. The present cost of transporting our fish to Boston is eleven cents per pound. This car will reduce this cost to about two cents per pound. The cost of transporting strawberries from Florida to New York is about ten cents per quart. This cost will be reduced to one cent.

The inventor of this new process proposes to carry eighteen tons of fruit, which will require but three tons of ice during the entire trip, and with an unvarying temperature, for any length of time under twenty days. If this new process and the new car can make this great saving in cost, and at the same time take well ripened fruit and deliver it in good condition, it will be difficult to estimate its benefit to this part of the world. It will mean that we can find an immediate market for all the fruit we can raise, at greatly increased prices, and that we probably shall not be able to keep up with the demand until the State is fully settled. The first five cars of the new pattern will be sent to Tacoma for fish, and their first loads will be taken to New York and Boston.



ON THE RANGE—THE COWBOY'S PLAIN.

To-day upon the lonely range
So wild, but all familiar still,
I listened to the curlew's strange
And mournful calling, loud and shrill;
I never hear
The bell note clear
Of killdeer, or the curlew's cry,
But mem'ry waits to live anew
The roving past and love and you
And sad "goodbye!"

The days but all too slowly go
That once were wont to quickly glide,
And scenes that thrilled my spirit so
Are dulled since you, departing, sighed;
And skies though clear
Are now more dear
Than any in that golden day,
When all that light of love or song
Could lend to blend affections strong
Was ours away.

The memories of joy are but
A sorrow in the lonely hours
That follow when the past is shut
By never-to-be-opened doors;
The fonder, too,
The joy we knew
The deeper in the lonely gloom,
When on the light of other days
The shadow falls, and mem'ry grays
The spirit's bloom.

L. A. OSBORNE.

Eastern Papers Please Copy.

The trouble in our town (Marysville, Mont.) is that there are not enough girls to go around, and some of them have to have two fellows; and trouble, trouble is the result. Enmity, complications, pistols, etc., will be the inevitable consequence. Further announcements hereafter.—*Mountaineer.*

The Season of Booms.

Now is the season to start mining booms, says the Pioche, Idaho, *Record*. With snow on the ground from two to ten feet where the mineral has been reported found, the dead beat who "discovered" the wonderful place is pretty sure of his lies not being found out until springtime. In the meantime he is living on the fat of the land at the expense of gudgeons whom he is to "let in" on the wonderful discovery. But when the snow vanishes in the springtime, so does the "prospector," to repeat the story in another part of the country next season.

The Lodge Had to Wait.

A peculiar incident occurred at the institution of Skookumchuck Lodge at Bueoda, Wash., on November 29th. About twenty-five brothers from Chehalis were present to see the work done by a fine team from Olympia. Fifty-two were initiated, being taken through in squads of from ten to fifteen. The amusing thing occurred at 11:50, when the outside conductor selected for the fourth squad. He found a candidate in waiting who was born on November 30th, and returned to inform the lodge that it would be necessary to wait ten minutes for the young man to become of age. It takes a Western Odd Fellow to live up to the letter of the law.—*Odd Fellow Review.*

A Chinook Obituary.

An Indian known as Tom, frequently seen on the streets here, while drunk fell from his pony near Thorpe, on Monday night, and was frozen to death. It is not known who the parties are that supplied him with liquor. Swain & Haight furnished the die-box, a convenience that is fast

becoming indispensable to the red man. At the request of several of our Siwash subscribers we publish his obituary in the Chinook language: Tom Klook-te-on-it Dekeo, spokum Siwash, chee muck-a-muck hi-ue kultus lum, pe yaka klatawa kopa cope cuitan, hi-as potllum. Cold illahe-hi-ne cold. Tom halo chako; kequilla tyhee chako; Siwash memaloo-e. Kla-how-ya six? Nesika waka cumtux klaska kultus Boston man poltlatich lum copa Tom. We do not guarantee the grammar in the above, but the sentiment is perfect.—*Roslyn (Wash.) News.*

No Use for Them Now.

The editor of the *Prineville, Ore., News* has just been married, and in the last issue of his paper is printed this advertisement: "We have for sale a little over a box of 'bachelor buttons' that go through the cloth and fasten together on the same principle of a rivet in a harness tug. Among other things they are handy to fasten the perforated ends of suspenders to. Like other relics of our bachelor days, they are things of which we have more supply than demand. We conscientiously recommend them as being better than a nail on account of monopolizing less of the trousers and not drawing frost in the winter."

Answered an Adlet.

Fifty annual suns had bleached her raven tresses, placed crow's feet on her chamois-like skin, and otherwise blemished her youthful loveliness, but the vigor of romance still lurked in her bosom, says the *Princeton, Minn., Union*. She inserted an "ad" in one of our dailies for a correspondent matrimonially inclined. The "ad" was answered by a Princeton gallant also sliding down the slope beyond his fiftieth anniversary. Photographs taken in their palmier days were exchanged, and last week the fair one came from her wind-swept retreat, in Iowa, to meet her ideal, to join heart and hand with him and float happily on wings of love together to the end of their natural lives. Both had so changed in the many years since the pictures were taken that they failed to recognize each other in the train. Introductions followed. They viewed each other for a moment, when she broke out with, "You base deceiver, you horrid old brute! You have deceived me, and I shall never marry you. You are twice as old as you represented, and as homely as a *Puck* cartoon." The radiance vanished from the eager lover's face. Staggered, confused and rattle-dazzled, he bolted for the hotel door, letting fly a volley of cuss-words, interjecting such expressions as "vixen," "jade," "she-wolf" and "old hen!" The door closed behind him with a slam and the afternoon matinee was over. The lady has returned to her home in Iowa and the Princeton correspondent has laid aside his pen forever.

The Judge and the Hungarian.

Judge Colman may not be a very large man, but when it comes to upholding the supreme power of the law, he looks as large as an elephant, says the *Butte Bystander*. At least so thinks Mr. Reski. Reski is a Hungarian who is reported to have killed a man or two before coming to America, and after spending eleven years in the penal institutions of Hungary, left his native country, for his country's good. Mr. Reski's aesthetic taste not being suited by the cooking of his partner, Mr. Vago, he attempted to make a little Hungarian angel of him, via the Winchester route. A warrant was sworn out, but the officers failed to find Mr. Reski. Tuesday morning Vago informed Judge Colman that Reski was gambling in the Combination. No officer being present at the time, the judge concluded to make the arrest himself. Vago went out with him and pointed out the man wanted, and then skipped out. The judge called Reski

outside and told him he had a warrant for his arrest. In response the Hungarian pulled out a pistol, but before he could use it he received a "habeas corpus" under the ear, was disarmed and marched up to court in double quick time. As they were going up the stairs which lead to the court, Reski pulled another pistol, a 44-Colts, and saying, "Me kill you now," attempted to shoot, but again the judge was too quick for him, and knocking him down took the second gun away from him, and, besides giving him a good thumping, read him a lecture on the evils of endeavoring to obstruct the course of justice; after which he was escorted to the court room, his case set for trial, and then marched down to the city jail. Upon being searched, a belt of cartridges and an eight-inch dirk was taken from him, in addition to the two pistols secured by the judge. If any State in the Union has a nervier law-giver than Judge Colman, we would like to hear from it. The judge can be found in his office at all hours of the day or night. Next!

Carter's Close Call.

"The driver of a stage-coach in the far West," said Chairman Thomas H. Carter, of the Republican National Committee, to a New York *Press* reporter, "is generally a man of iron nerve and more than ordinary intelligence."

"Were you ever held up by the gentlemanly road agents?" I asked.

"Yes, once. I was riding behind the driver from Helena to Bozeman, the county seat. A desperado by the name of Murphy and one or two others had been caught red handed in some crime. Murphy had been operating for some time. Under the law of Montana a prisoner has the right to personally appear before the Grand Jury and challenge the members of the panel. Murphy's gang had been lodged in the jail at Helena for safe keeping, but on the day of the meeting of the Grand Jury they had to be taken to the county seat. Our coach was the advance guard of the party, although we did not have any of the prisoners with us; they were following on in the rear under a strong guard. As we began to ascend a steep hill three men wearing long black masks rose up out of the bushes at the side of the road, and leveling winchesters at the driver, commanded him to halt and throw up his hands. Their language was not very polite. It could be best represented by dashes in a newspaper. The driver did not stop, however, and I thought at first he was paralyzed with fear and had lost his head. I was a little concerned in the matter as my seat was just behind the driver and any bullet fired at him would have gone through me. After the second or third command from the outlaws to halt, I tapped the driver with my foot and said 'Better hold up or we will all be killed.' The driver stopped the stage but refused to hold up his hands. In short he was not rattled in the least and 'sass-ed' the highwaymen back in good style. 'Can't you see I can, hold up my hands, — you?' he said; 'I must hold on to these horses.' He carried his point, too.

"The highwaymen were a party of Murphy's friends, and they were bent on rescuing him. As soon as they discovered that the prisoners were not in our stage they ordered us to drive on and be — quick about it or we would get shot. It is needless to say that the order was promptly obeyed."

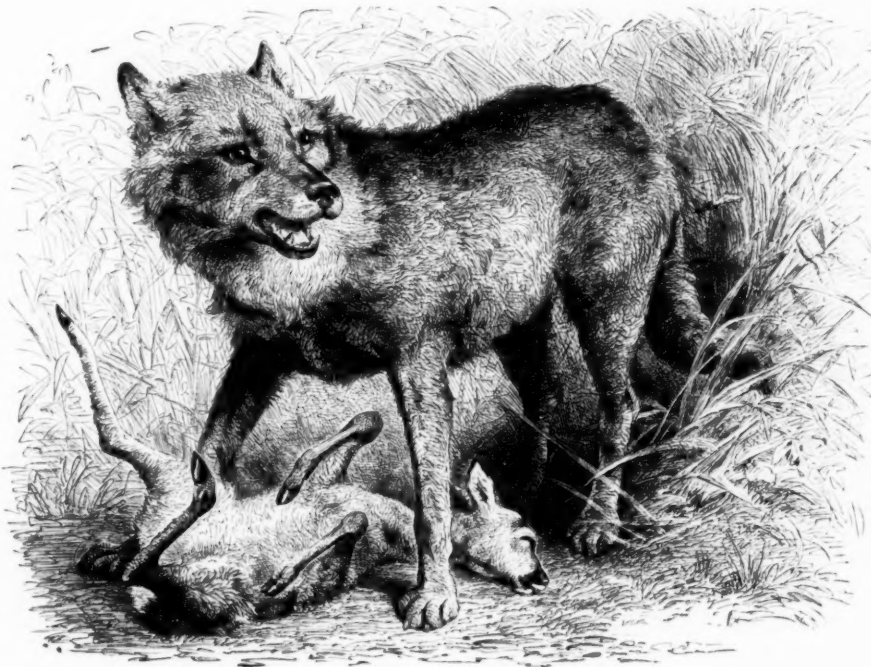
Wanted—A Typewriter.

The country correspondents of the large business firms in St. Paul receive some strange letters in the course of a year's correspondence, says the *Pioneer Press*. The employment department of Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict last week had a letter from a stock raiser in Minnesota which is a gem in its way, and which is given below, verbatim et literatim et punctuatim:

"Dear Sirs: I would like to get a lady stenographer and typewriter. I have not got business enough to give her employment over three or four hours a day. I am engaged in raising fancy stock and live stock shipping my business is growing rapidly and in case of a year or two would need all her time at this class of work. We live near town and have two girls one six and the other three years old keep two or three men in my employment all the time. And I would like to get a lady of good appearance and good judgment and common sense not one who is all style and high fly nor neither one who would not care anything for her appearance the balance of her time we want to assist my wife about the house work. We will make her a first class home and one that she will feel at home in our children as she will find are not mischievous as most children are but are under good training and instead of being a pest are a comfort and pleasure. We will give a girl which is willing to try it \$15 a month and home and board in case we find she is what we want we will raise her wages I want a girl who is practical and smart who would have an eye to business one who could answer a letter properly in my absence a good speller and fair

Montana Wolf Hunting.

Down in the Deer Dodge Valley, says the Butte *Inter Mountain*, some fine sport can be had at this season of the year, provided one knows how to go about it. In the first place it is necessary to have some good, swift greyhounds, saddle animals that are not slow, and then make a circuit of the foothills. It will not be long before a lively jack rabbit or pugnacious coyote will be routed, and then the fun will begin. The fun is fast and furious. There is much more sport in hunting wolves with hounds than can be found in the rather tame chasing of foxes, for a wolf has the advantage of size, speed and grit. It's a very poor sort of coyote that can not outrun or whip an ordinary dog. The speed of these animals is great, and they will "fight like a house afire," to use a Western expression. Very few men in Montana have the necessary complement of fleet hounds to engage successfully in this chase. Probably the best kennel of greyhounds raised for this purpose in Montana is owned by the Conley brothers of Deer Dodge City. Their dogs have been trained until they understand the business of chasing and capturing coyotes to perfection; the only trouble is where a band of



A WOLF AND HIS PREY.

stenographer and typewriter of course do not expect the very best for such a position but she will have a good chance for improvement and if my business grows as rapidly for the next two years as the last I can give her steady employment and release her from the house work. Now I am fully aware that I am asking rather a hard thing of you but you can look applicants for positions over and if you have one who you think would like the position and would fill the bill talk with her and see how she would like it: Be sure and select a girl with good sense not a city fly or a dull thump would prefer a good bright lady who is used to the country or was raised in the country. Some will object on account of the children you can tell her that after she has been here one week if should would not for choice rather have the children around than not I will pay her fare back again I want a person with a first class memory and industrious and not lazy and if you have one who you know fill the bill a few dollars a month need not keep her from coming please let me hear from you can use the lady any time will send reference if she wishes Resp Yours."

half a dozen or more wolves is started at once. In this case the dogs are apt to single out a wolf and attempt his destruction, but they nearly always get worsted in such an undertaking. It is only where two or three dogs attack one wolf that success is attained. Then the race is swift and the victory sure. The wolves are very plentiful this winter, and the Conley brothers' pack of hounds has been kept busy. A hunt is made every little while, and it's a "cold day" when several wolves are not made to bite the dust, once the hunt is started. Aside from the excitement of the hunt, which well repays its votaries, there is pecuniary reward as well, each wolf scalp being paid for by the State at the rate of \$2.50; and the interests of the settlers are also subserved at the same time, as the destruction of each wolf means the saving of that many more wild and domestic animals. The cunning coyote has become altogether too well educated to be taken by means of poisoned meats. The most tempting bait he will pass by with perfect disdain to feed on a young calf or lamb. Hence the only way to destroy him is by means of dogs, as he is too

foxy ever to come within range of a gun. The greyhound is the only dog that can outlast him in a race, and the hound will be sadly used up if he is alone. It requires more than one dog to whip a coyote.

Gold Coin in a Bar of Soap.

Mr. Runey, in conversation with a number of travelers, told the following story, which he says actually occurred in his presence while en route on a freight train near Morris, Minn:

"I boarded a freight train at Hancock, en route to Breckenridge. There were about forty hobos on board the box cars. I arranged with three brakemen to make the rounds and see if they couldn't be made to put up for their ride. I acted the part of the conductor, while the trainmen followed out my instructions. We then went from one car to another until we had visited all but one. Few failed to comply with our request, but showed hostility and would doubtless have taken advantage of our small numbers had I not provided myself with a gun, which protruded in full view from my coat pocket.

"The last car we visited was partially loaded with lime, and between the barrels we found two Swedes, who handled the American language in the most humorous manner. We informed them that they would necessarily have to pay for their ride or get off at the next station, to which the spokesman replied: 'Vve don't gat no muny. Vve bane com from Nort Dakota, und vork purty hard and gats no muny.'

"Where do you want to go?' asked a brakeman.

"Vve want tu go to Mainopolis."

"You are headed in the wrong direction,' returned the brakeman.

"Val, vve go tu Breckenridge und vve den go ast. Vve no mane dare ho ba gude faller und let us ride."

The brakeman was not satisfied with the Swedes' statement that they were moneyless, so they were searched. While the searching was going on one of the Swedes said again:

"Vve don't gate nu muny. Sopuse vwe ly 'bout laddle ting like date?"

The brakeman being satisfied there was no money on their persons, was about to withdraw from the car when he discovered a small bundle in the corner of the car tied up with a handkerchief. The bundle was examined. A pair of old socks and several rags were wrapped around a piece of soap about three by six inches in size. The brakeman said he guessed he would take the soap anyway, as he could use it himself. Here the Swedes made a robust protest, saying, 'No, vve don't vant you tu take dote sope.'

"What good is the soap to you?' asked the brakeman.

"Vve vant da sope for vash wid befur vve gate in Mainopolis."

"What do you expect to do in Minneapolis?" asked the brakeman.

"Vve tank vve ville gate leddle vork tu du dere, as a ba prutty gude toun."

The brakeman then said he would do the fair thing and only take half the soap, at which they begged him to leave the soap. The brakeman took the cake over his knee and broke it through the center, and lo, to the amazement of all, a twenty-dollar gold piece rolled out. By this time the Swedes were nearly wild, and their ejaculations were side splitting in the extreme.

The soap was then cut into bits and \$200 in gold coin, consisting of twenties, tens and fives, were taken out. The Swedes had adopted this strange method of disguising their possessions, but as misfortune had it, their novel idea failed. It is needless to say that the brakeman appropriated one of the shining pieces for his own use, to the heart-rending dismay of the sons of Sweden, and departed for the caboose.—*Fargo Argus*.

LITTLE LOUIS.

BY HELEN SHERRY.

I was teaching in the suburbs of the little town of Greenridge and boarding with the family of Judge Crane, whose residence lay almost opposite the entrance of Oak Grove, the local cemetery. When one is not accustomed to so close a proximity to a burying ground it seems at first rather gruesome to sleep within hailing distance of any indolent ghost who may take it into his head to haunt your slumbers without leaving his mouldy couch. But as one gets used to everything, I had not been three weeks at the Judge's before I had become reconciled to my uncanny neighborhood and even ceased to speculate as to whether the denizens of the grove were dispirited bodies or disembodied spirits. I only knew that as far as I was concerned they pursued an irreproachable course, never so much as rapping at my window lattice even on the darkest nights. It is not to be denied that I contributed my share towards the security which I enjoyed from that source by fastening the slats so that they should be immovable under stress of the strongest wind. But that is neither here nor there. My story turns upon a little boy who with other children of the vicinity came almost daily to visit the new-made graves. These have a peculiar fascination for the young who get into the habit of taking cemetery excursions.

"Let us go and see if there is a new grave," they said to one another as they passed me standing at the gate.

At first it struck me as a weird pastime for children but I soon came to look at it from their standpoint and even idly to follow them in their quest; for I like children and had early made the acquaintance of those who passed our house.

One day I noticed, walking slowly and deliberately behind a group, a little fellow with a bright, thoughtful face. He walked on as eagerly as the rest but without that giddy restlessness which characterizes the movements of childhood. His premature gravity and a rare light of intelligence that played about his features attracted my attention.

When we reached the spot where the newly-upturned earth was dotted with nosegays, little wreaths and lengths of trailing vine, the little ones began to chatter about the flowers, the size of the graves and the extent of the funeral procession which they had observed from their homes. When they had sated their curiosity and exhausted their prattle, they set out towards home again. The little boy did not move, but with his chubby hands folded behind him after the fashion of older sages, he gazed on the tiny mound which evidently covered an infant.

I let the others depart and drew nearer the child whose attitude and expression filled me with interest.

I am not deeply enamored with my own profession. I find it a stupid and oftentimes grotesque pretension, this of teaching the young idea how to shoot. But on the other hand the prospect of catching the young idea in the very process of sprouting by itself is too alluring for me ever to resist; and something told me that some mystery of childish speculation was here about to be unveiled.

I waited in reverential silence as befitted the occasion.

Looking back to see if the others were all gone and well out of sight he turned to me.

"Who is it down there?"

As I had read the notice of the death in the paper, I was able to tell him who it was. I told him the child's name, that it had died of diphtheria and that it was an only child.

He listened with rapt interest to all I said, his

eyes bent on the mound all the while. After a pause he addressed me again.

"Aunt Lena says when babies die they go to heaven. Is this one gone there, too?"

I said yes—what else was it possible for me to say?

"How can it be in heaven and under the ground too?"

These inexorable children! I wonder if the interrogatory we shall undergo at the last tribunal will fill us with as sickening a sense of incapacity as do the questions of the first five-year-old we meet. I tried to explain to him, as in duty bound, that the child's body was in the earth, but that its spirit was in heaven. Naturally this evoked the question:

"What is the spirit?"

A formidable query! Why had I not gone on with the rest? Or at least, why had I not brought Chloe, my laundress, along with me to answer the questions. I never in my life saw her at a loss. She would have disconcerted Socrates himself by the promptness of her solutions. But having, Eve-like, been tempted to taste of a new tree of knowledge I now felt it my duty to drain to the dregs the cup of consequences thus entailed. So I said, the sense of ineptitude growing on me at every syllable:

"The spirit is something you can't see, but it is a part of your body just the same as your hand or your head."

"Where is the spirit?" he asked, "fixing upon me that eager gaze of enquiring childhood which in the light of our incapacity to satisfy it, becomes so pathetic."

"It's inside of us," I answered faintly.

I felt abjectly false, for I had read the philosophers a little and knew that the spirit was quite

as likely to envelop our body as to form a part of its interior furniture.

His brow and eyes contracted a little with speculation, I felt sure, and my blood ran cold. The relentless urchin was bent on discomfiting me. He was about to ask me just where the spirit lodged. No answer that smacked of immateriality would serve the turn of that doubting Thomas. I should be obliged to locate that intangible essence in the stomach, heart or liver—to line the diaphragm with it or use it to delude the bile. O, woe was me! Why had I engaged that Hercules of the intellect and exposed myself to the batteries of a new system of ironies that was calculated to baffle the genius of learning itself?

O, blessed relief! He turned to go and I followed him. He asked no more questions that day. I can't say he looked as if he were satisfied with the result of the interrogatory but rather as if he deemed it idle to pursue it any further. Alas, for the sarcasm of human wisdom! The best of us spend our lives in extending about us a sea of knowledge which the first infant we meet spans with a syllable.

"What is your name?" I asked, as we separated at my gate.

"Louis," he promptly answered.

"Well, Louis, you will soon know all those things we were just talking about."

"When?" he asked eagerly.

"O, very soon!"

"Sure?"

A smile lighted up his face and he walked away.

I saw a good deal of Louis after that. He seemed to like me and I knew I had gained his confidence—mind you, not confidence in the



"I'LL COME EVERY WEEK AS LONG AS I LIVE."

sense of trust in my superior knowledge—he really had very little faith in my ability to answer to his satisfaction the abstruse questions he was perpetually plying me with—but he knew I felt kindly towards him and answered him without impatience. So he continued to avail himself largely of the privilege of pumping me, reflecting no doubt that the mere contact of our joint sympathetic ignorance was likely to evolve from time to time a spark of genuine truth. So that, if I cannot boast of having aided him by my solutions, I flatter myself that I encouraged him to exercise his power of thought.

One day a few weeks later, we stood at the same little mound philosophizing as usual on the mysteries of mind, matter and death, when a lady approached us from the direction of the florist's where she had evidently bought the flowers she held in her hand. She laid them on the little grave in front of us and as she arranged them she wept and sobbed so hard it seemed as if she must sink to the ground.

I tried to comfort her and sent Louis to the sexton's for a drink of water. Not knowing what else to say, I told her I often came with the little boy to see the grave, and that we were both very much interested in it.

"I should love to come often myself," said the stricken lady, "but we live so far and I have so much to do that I can scarcely get here once a week."

Louis had come up in time to hear her words. She put her lips to the glass and returned it with thanks.

"Yes," she continued, "I should like to get here once a week at least, and put flowers on the dear little grave; it is all I have in the wide world. You know, it was my only child!"

"Don't cry," fervently exclaimed Louis, while the lady sobbed more violently than ever, "I'll come every week and put flowers on your baby. I live near by and can come when I like. Don't cry. I'll come every week, sure!"

The lady took him in her arms and sobbed on his neck.

"You needn't be afraid," he repeated emphatically, "I'll come every week as long as I live."

"When must I come the first time?" he asked of me as we returned home.

"If you want to keep your word you must have the flowers here by next Tuesday; that's a week from to-day."

"Tuesday," he repeated softly to himself, as if he were anxious to impress the day on his mind. "Tuesday, Tuesday."

"You'll not forget, Louis," I said.

"Oh, no; my mother will tell me when it is Tuesday," and he repeated, "Tuesday, Tuesday."

"When you come with your flowers next week, stop by for me; I'll have some ready, too, for the baby, and we'll go together."

That seemed to please him highly. He smiled brightly at me as he nodded good bye.

On the following Tuesday I sat waiting for Louis. I had just looked at my watch to see if it was really as late as I fancied, when I caught sight of a white hearse turning into the cemetery, and followed by other carriages.

I had been so busy with examination papers the day before that I had had no time to look through the paper. But by some instinct my heart stood still with apprehension. Who could it be?

At this point my conjectures were interrupted, or rather obviated, by the entrance of Mattie, one of our little excursionists.

"My ma's gone to the funeral, so I thought I'd come over and sit with you. I knew you wouldn't be there, because you were not acquainted with his ma. My ma's. Poor Louis! Aint it too bad!"

My head was swimming.

"What is the matter with Louis?"

"Oh, Miss Millward, didn't you hear about it?"

Why, Louis is dead. He died of diphtheria."

That evening when the moon had risen, I went to the cemetery, holding in my hand the flowers I had prepared for the baby's grave. I laid them on the gruesomely fresh earth that covered the body of my late little friend. Only eight, and he had already crossed the bridge on this side of which so many of us stand shuddering at the thought of the mysterious passage. As I returned home I passed the tiny mound that marked the baby's resting place, which was still covered with the withered flowers the mother had left there the week before.

"To-morrow I shall put new ones there," I said to myself. "If Louis should look down and see none he would be grieved."

"Tuesday, Tuesday," he had repeated. Yea, Tuesday had come to find the little hands stiffened that were to have been busy with a noble, generous task for so young a child—and Tuesday had come bringing Eternity, the great solver, to answer all the problems that had racked his busy little brain.

Ah! that such a Tuesday ever should have come to me, and to the poor mother, whose black-velled head was bent so low that I could not see her face as I looked into the mourners' carriage on its way back home!

That night I dreamed I was again walking in the cemetery and passing the baby's grave. It was covered with flowers that sprang from the ground—a ground so fine, so light, it seemed as if the first wind must blow it all away—yet it maintained its coherence, not by any quality such as we connect with matter, but by a sort of spiritual force that one could feel but not explain. The blossoms were supported by long, slender stems of a pale green hue and perfectly transparent. One felt that they would be inadequate to support ordinary flowers, which these certainly were not. They were not hot-house plants, nor were they the coarse field flowers we are accustomed to see; but though they exhibited a delicacy of color and texture and emanated a perfume that took all the senses captive, one had the consciousness that they had grown in unrestrained freedom in some blessed field. Their color was at once vivid and delicate—dazzling and refreshing. They seemed to shed a luminous atmosphere which lit up the sod skirting the flower bed, flooded the trees with a radiance never seen before and transformed the whole scene, suffusing a dreamy, misty mood about that had no counterpart in my experiences of human life. While I looked on the flowers they seemed to shift their halo of luminous perfume from one to the other with fascinating mercuriality. Suddenly their colored surfaces would become detached from their corollas and hover over them like butterflies or float over them like disks of sunlight and color. A voice seemed to tell me that these emanations were the souls of the flowers; and I watched them with delight quivering over their now colorless petals like spirits that are prepared but loth to go, flitting up and down like wills-o-the-wisp or dancing about each other like fairies in the moonlight, the whole composing a scene that filled one with a joy divine and unspeakable. Once it seemed to me that the stalks grew taller and taller and the flowers rose higher and higher until their luminous corollas, which had now reabsorbed their souls of color, swept the sky and tinted all the clouds of midnight. Then I knew what manner of blossoms they were.

Louis had kept his word. He had brought flowers on the baby's grave, but he did not know any more than I did that he would pluck them in the meadows of Paradise!

I put, indeed, a nosegay on the baby's mound the following day, but it seemed pitiable to me compared to the fragrance of Louis' good will, which, in my eyes, shall embalm it forever.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Must we needs mourn Prometheus unbound,
Released from earthly care by Death's decree,
From thirty years of bondage now set free?
'Twas love of country, love too deep to sound
That made him bear those calumnies which ground
Fang-like into his soul. We weep that he
Our country's leader never more can be;
His voice no more in eloquence resound!

Oh, brave plumed knight, beneath thy mailed heel
The fiery dragon War was bruised and crushed.
All thine the glory, never shall it wane;
But centuries hence, when myriad votaries kneel
At the loved shrine of Peace, all discord hushed,
Its wreaths shall bear the name of James G. Blaine!
IDA SEXTON SEARLS,
St. Paul, Minn.

THE OLD SHIP'S REQUIEM *

Forlorn in the lonesome North she lies,
That never again will course the sea,
All heedless of calm or stormy skies,
Or the rocks to windward or a lee;
For her day is done
And her last port won—
Let the wild, sad waves her minstrel be.

She will roam no more on the ocean trails,
Where her floating scarf of black was seen
Like a challenge proud to the shrieking gales
By the mighty shores of evergreen;
For she lies at rest
With a pulseless breast
In the rough sea's clasp and all serene.

How the world has changed since she kissed the tide
Of the storied Thames in the Georgian reign
And was pledged with wine as the bonny bride
As the West's isle-gemmed barbaric main—
With a dauntless form
That could breast the storm
As she wove the magic commercial chain.

For Science has gemmed her brow with stars
For many and many a mystic field,
And the nations have stood in crimsoned wars
And thrones have fallen and empires reeled
Since she sailed that day
From the Thames away,
Under God's blue sky and St. George's shield.

And the world to which, as a pioneer,
She first came trailing her plume of smoke,
Is beyond the dreams of the clearest seer
That ever in lofty symbols spoke—
In the arts of peace
In all life's increase,
And all that the gold-browed stross invoke.

A part of this was a work of her's,
In a daring life of fifty years;
But the sea-gulls now are her worshippers,
Wheeling with cries more sad than tears,
Where she lies alone,
And the surges moan—
And slowly the north sky glooms and clears.

And may we not think, when the pale mists glide,
Like the sheeted dead by that rocky shore,
That we hear in the rising, rolling tide
The call of the captain's ring once more?
And it well might be,
So forlorn is she,
Where the weird winds sigh and wan birds sob.

SAMUEL L. SIMPSON.

*This poem refers to the old Hudson's Bay Co.'s steamship *Beaver*, which was the first steam vessel on the North Pacific Coast. She came out from London some time in the forties. Her hull now lies on the rocks in Burrard Inlet, British Columbia. — ED. NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.

AN EMPTY FRUIT CAN.

Forsaken; cast amid a garbage funeral pile,
Unightly, rugged, wrecked and all unclean;
Thy erstwhile brilliant hue and glossy sheen
Begrimed and blurred—a thing of gaudy style;
Yet there among the swill, a mute exile—
Thy mission filled, and there but to be seen
To be despised, thy slimy walls between—
Thy presence still for me hath charms the while;
I care not how thy filthy lot may be,
For years, ah, bitter years, are overcome
By one deep glance on thy once happy form!
Upon that lithograph—near obsolete to me—
Glow messages from dear old, half-forgotten home
Like golden sunlight through life's dreary storm.

New Whatcom, Wash.

FRANK C. TECK.



RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE KOOTENAI RIVER, NEAR NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE NEW KOOTENAI MINES.

The late discoveries and more recent development in the Slocan section of this district have given very substantial proof of incredible mineral wealth, which in a few years will convert the loneliest mountain solitudes into busy hives of industry. Districts that were hardly ever seen by men will count their population by thousands, and everything points in the direction of large fortunes being made in this portion of British Columbia. The Slocan Country, so-called, is that section on the east side of Slocan Lake, which drains into the Kootenai River to the south. The mineral section lies about half-way between the great Kootenai Lake on the east and the Upper Arrow Lake on the west, on the summit of the water shed between Slocan Lake and the Kootenai Lake. This large area of mineral ground was discovered about a year ago.

The agency of the indefatigable prospector has brought to light these rich deposits, which have been preserved during a vast cycle of geological revolutions, mostly covered by debris, but here and there cropping out, sometimes by the friendly aid of a snowslide. The rich float greeted the eyes of the miner who had penetrated into this section, which comprises an infinite array of peaks, deep valleys and vast amphitheatres, and long lines of serrated crags; every peak and crest, valley and canyon presenting a picture of uptilted formations, thrown up in the past during the world's convulsions, and now monuments of time showing the vast periods of erosion and sub-aerial waste. It matters but little to the ordinary reader what the particular formation this mineral wealth lies in, whether it be black phyllite of the Nisconlith series, or hornblende, quartzitic, micaceous schist; nor does the opinion of one man as to whether the mineral zone is regular or otherwise, count for much.

Just a year ago this section of Slocan was discovered; to-day we find 18 mines that are being worked all winter, and that the grade of the ore runs from 125 up to 500 ozs. silver, with an average of, say, 175 ozs. One mine has already shipped 30 tons, packed on mules from the mine,

which averaged over \$225 a ton, and it is said to be the richest crude ore ever received at the smelter. To give some idea in figures, suppose half the mines working produced 10 tons a day, which they could with proper means of transport. Eight mines at 10 tons per day for 20 days means 1,600 tons a month, or \$280,000; and as development proceeded this could be trebled. Ten tons from the Dardanelles averaged by sample 500 ozs. per ton, but the smelter returns have not yet been received.

With all this mineral in sight the chief problem is transportation. There are three avenues by which this ore can reach a market. First, from the mines to Kaslo, on the Kootenai Lake, say 25 miles, whence it can go by steamer to railway connection either north or south, the chances being in favor of going south. Second, from the mines to Nakusp, on Arrow Lake, say 30 miles, from which point it can go to the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or south via the Spokane and Northern Railway. Third, by connecting the present Columbia and Kootenai Railway with the foot of Slocan Lake, say 28 miles, and bringing the ore by boat to the railway. This last route means hauling the ore 6 to 10 miles to the lake, but has an advantage in being the cheapest route to build. Route No. 2, via Nakusp, could be shortened by building 18 miles to the head of Slocan Lake, and bringing the ore to it in the same manner as to No. 3. Route No. 1 would be direct communication with the mines from Kootenai Lake. There seems to be not the slightest doubt that one, and most likely two of the routes will be opened up during 1893. The Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Spokane and Northern railways are all aware of the growing prospects of traffic receipts from this country, and are alive to the fact that the duty question against them is greatly counteracted by the physical difficulties of the road to the north, nature having made the natural outlets to the south. Mr. Wardner, of the Freddie Lee, has just let a contract for 1,000 tons to be delivered in Kaslo this winter. This calls to mind the incident in the early history of the Cœur d'Alene Country, when Mr. Wardner

contracted with some Helena people to deliver 50,000 tons from the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, and proved to Mr. D. C. Corbin the necessity of building from Old Mission to Wardner City, when there was no better showing than there is to-day in the Slocan Star.

Turning from this promising section to the northward, to a section of country tributary to the Upper Arrow Lake on one side, and the Kootenai Lake on the other, by way of the Lardeau River, we find what is known as the Lardeau Country, where recent discoveries this summer give rise to great expectations. If surface showings only prove up like those in the Slocan Country have done, a large mineral area has been discovered with both silver and gold-bearing ledges, and no doubt next summer will find capital pushing in that direction.

The older camps of Ainsworth and Nelson, where a great deal of work has been done and is still going on, have been somewhat eclipsed by these new fields, where, properties still being in first hands, chances for speculation are greater; but Toad Mountain, with its different class of ore, viz., a copper and silver-bearing ore, may take time, but is eventually bound to come to the front. In no other section of this continent south of the international boundary would a mine like the Silver King, with over a million in sight, have lain so long unworked. Scattered between these different camps mentioned are to be found a number of groups of claims, many of which will warrant the expenditure necessary to test a mine, and as the country develops the gold-bearing leads will be developed. Many promising prospects of this character have been found in the Kootenai River, near Nelson, and the Salmon River gold belts. A very fair quantity of placer gold has been taken out of the streams running into the Kootenai River below Nelson, the Salmon River and its tributaries, and along the Lardeau. On the Pend d'Oreille River, below the mouth of the Salmon, an American company are spending some \$50,000 to bring water on placer ground where they have excellent prospects.

In looking over this promising mining section,

one feels the lack of enterprise of our moneyed men; for, with few exceptions, Americans own the cream of it. The provincial capitalist seeks cheap investment—a poor principle in mining—and then if a few hundreds do not reveal the earth, they lose courage; and it is a strange fact that they follow in the tracks of the foreigner, and generally purchase from him at an advance, very often what he has no use for, but purchased for their market. Lack of experience in mining, and the absence to a great extent of the spirit of gambling in this line, solves the problem. During this fall some English capitalists have bonded some claims, and intend working this winter. Let us hope this is the end of the string that will draw more of them to this country, where, as the boomster's expression has it, they can "get in on the ground floor."—*Frank Fletcher, in Winnipeg Western World.*

SOME POINTS ON POLITENESS.

A very celebrated lady, famed for her pronounced views on matters pertaining to her sex, in the New Orleans *Picayune* lays down some very stringent rules of street etiquette for gentlemen. The lady advises her sex to cut a man "dead" who does not actually doff (take off) his hat to a member of her sex on the street. The lady shows admirable spirit, but she is rather arbitrary. She ought to make allowances for circumstances. A man may be a very good man, and a perfect gentleman, yet, in the providence of the Almighty, he may be as bald-headed as he is good, and he may have a family dependent upon him, and he may be susceptible to sudden chills, and catarrh, and lung fever, and rheumatism—people who move in the best society are subject to these things—and she ought not in such a case to give a man the great taboo for not exposing himself to the elements. If he touches his hat she ought to be content. And yet, if he has an umbrella in one hand and a basketful of seal skin sacques and diamonds in the other, for his wife, she ought even to excuse this, and be satisfied with a smile and a nod. If he has been bereaved of all his relatives she ought to excuse the smile. In fact, before she cuts a male acquaintance "dead" for some little infringement upon her notion of etiquette, she should discover if she is not a trifle unreasonable. Suppose that the man wears a soft hat—does she wish him to make a monkey of himself by grabbing it by the crown, pulling it off and stuffing it on his head again? It is certainly a mark of extreme politeness, not to say idiocy; but it is a hard thing to do gracefully. Should he abolish the soft hat and wear the high hat or the derby? Yes? Then if he is bald-headed should he wear a wig? If his hands are full of parcels, umbrellas, rheumatism, palsy, shall he drop them all and uncover himself? This lady who is so exacting must either be a very extraordinary madonna, or must have been seriously injured by lack of education. The most "polite" man the writer ever knew, whose genuflections were celebrated on two continents, sent his sane wife to an insane asylum, and let his daughters starve to death. On the other hand John Stuart Mill, Carlyle, Huxley, Tennyson, Whittier, Lincoln, Geo. Peabody, Grant, Emerson, Sumner, Greeley—whom the world regards as gentlemen, as distinguished from barbarians—were not dapper and punctilious in artificial observances. It all depends upon circumstances. When a decrepid old man gives his street car seat to a buxom young lady, and she accepts it, well! well! there is a pretty kettle of fish. When a strong "gentleman" lets an old and decrepid working woman stand in a street car, rather than surrender his seat, there is another breach of good manners. Ordinary politeness is a good deal like railroad passes: Those are best served whose needs are the least.—*Whatcom (Wash.) Reville.*



Here's Helena a Cold Spell.

It appears from a statement of a gentleman lately arrived in the city, that there is Helena Montana town.—*East Oregonian.*

Inasmuch as the above was accompanied by a 55-below-zero statement, it cannot be considered a very "hot" pun.

The Better Way.

A scientific paper justly denounces the habit of visitors kissing the baby and thus possibly conveying infection to it. A strictly pathological view of the subject leads to the belief that the best way is to kiss the mother, when she is young and pretty, and let her give it to the infant.—*Orting (Wash.) Oracle.*

Calamity Averted.

A calamity was narrowly averted on the "chip-ple" road last week. Just as the train was going around the pile of rocks at Back Track Joe's ranch, the cadevis came out of the guyluke, which caused the righthand doogen pin to pull out and let the ratchet slip around on to the cam-way of the kerplunker. The engineer saw it just in time to prevent a collapse of the whole machine.—*Coeur d'Alene American.*

Memorial.

Jack Pound has lost his old gray dog and don't know where to find him. He wore two ticks upon his neck and a stub tail behind him. The dog is long and narrow built, with spots of brown and white, and if he sees a smaller dog he always wants to fight. He totes his tail up stiff and straight when he's for war prepared, but points it downward to the ground whenever he is scared. This stumped-tail dog that now is lost, was Jack's best friend and crony, but since he sloped or died Jack's gone back on bologna.—*Slaughter (Wash.) Sun.*

Explanation Wanted.

A paper published up in the Turtle Mountain Country, in North Dakota, in a recent notice of a local wedding had the following preamble:

"One by one the mountain belles are captured to bless the home and fireside of a bachelor."

Is the gentleman mentioned establishing a harem out there, where there are not nearly enough women to supply the demand for monogamous firesides? If such things are allowed in North Dakota at such a time as this, what may we expect in a year or two, when the great hegra of down-East femininity takes place?

One on the Parson.

A minister, gifted with the power of seeing the humorous side of life amid his pastoral duties, can tell a story with a gusto and relish of a judge of the supreme court. They enjoy a laugh with the best of men, and their mirth is as infectious as it is often unexpected. Last night a local clergyman was in a jovial frame of mind, and he related the following incident for the benefit of his companion. A brother minister once had occasion to marry a couple of darkies, and while it was a recognized custom in his part of the country that the officiating clergyman should salute the bride, this particular instance was a little more than the minister could stand. So at the conclusion of the ceremony he remarked that, while it was the usual custom to salute the bride

on this occasion he would omit it. "Yes," responded the groom, "on such an occasion it is the usual custom to fee the minister, but on this occasion we will omit it."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A Base Observation.

A cablegram from Madrid announces that the young king of Spain was recently spanked by his mother. The proverbial "uneasiness" of the crowned head seems in this case to have settled a little lower down.—*Black Hills Journal.*

The Editor's Future Residence.

The envelope of a letter gathered up by one of the carriers this morning had pasted upon one corner of it a printed label containing the words, "Where will you spend eternity?" A very pertinent question but very easily answered: In eternity, of course; nothing hard about that!—*Aberdeen (S. D.) News.*

All He Could Do.

A man noted for his quarrelsome disposition and love of the ardent came into the postoffice a few days ago and said: "Ed, have you any of the new Columbian stamps?" "Yep; want any?" "Yep." He looked at them a few minutes and threw them back, saying: "Don't want 'em." "Why?" "W-e-l-l, 'twixt the old woman, boys and school teacher I've got about all I can lick."—*Billings (Mont.) Gazette.*

Astronomy, Dogs and Humiliation.

One of the most beautiful sunsets ever witnessed from this valley was that of Sunday evening. The sky was filled with broken clouds, flaming red with the reflection of the setting sun and drifting slowly eastward like aerial islands of fire. The blue background of sky beyond was streaked with a deeper glow of crimson, and one could almost imagine the organ lofts of heaven tuned in symphony to the dying.—P. S.—At this point a pair of cur dogs kicked up a rumpus right at the heels of our astronomical editor, and that's why we rise to remark there are altogether too many dogs in Deadwood.—*Deadwood Pioneer.*

Not Safe to Laugh at Pa.

As a matter of fact a boy never should laugh at his father until he (the boy) is eighteen years of age at least. Earlier than that it is not safe. A boy over near the university has for several evenings stood up to eat his meals, and all because he neglected the above rule of conduct. His father takes great pride in a Hambletonian colt he is raising. The old man fairly delights in putting around the stable, and he can hardly wait until that colt is four years old and trots a mile to harness in 2.05, as it surely will. The other morning the pater was fussing around in an old silk hat and equally venerable great coat, pitchfork in hand, and while he was working about the colt's heels the boy gave the animal its feed. The colt does not allow any familiarities while feeding, and when the old man, in stooping position, backed up against him, the colt lashed out with both feet. The man stood so near that the kick broke no bones, but he was shot as from a catapult right through the clapboards on the side of the barn. His head was driven through his tile, and when he extricated himself from the splinters the rim of his headgear hung around his neck like a ruff. He regarded the whole business as rough, and delivered an oration through his hat which the boy regarded as amusing. The youngster laughed. First he stood and laughed, then he laid down and laughed, and rolled over and over and bugged himself, and still laughed. But when that devoted father got clear from the wreckage he seized the nearest strap, and the boy has not smiled once since. The boy knows now that he is not big enough to laugh at his father.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*



Incongruous Condition.

The *Minneapolis Journal* has figured out the lumber cut in the Northwest during the year 1892, at 4,380,314,565 feet. And yet there are a good many families living in sod shanties on its prairies.—*Moorhead News*.

What's in a Name?

There are thirty towns in this country named Washington, and a comparison of their population claims with the cold figures of the census shows they are very proficient in something that their immortal namesake said he could not do.—*Walla Walla Statesman*.

Too Much to Ask.

One of the South Dakota newspapers suggested that the exhibit of that State at the World's Fair ought to include a gold brick made from a six months' clean-up in the famous Homestake mills. A Deadwood paper commenting on this says that the bullion product for such a period as named would weigh 7,200 pounds, and its valuation would be \$1,700,000.

A Dollar Seal.

The certificate of the result of the Presidential election goes to Washington in the hands of Col. Malone, of Miles City, with a silver seal on it. After the signatures of the electors had been placed on the certificate it was placed in an envelope ready to be sealed. No seal was at hand, and for a while the board was puzzled what to do. Finally, W. E. Hall, of Walkerville, one of the Presidential electors, solved the puzzle by taking a new silver dollar from his pocket which he firmly pressed into the wax with which the envelope was sealed and permitted it to remain there.—*Helena Independent*.

Oregon's Timber.

Somehow or other Oregon's timber does not get its share of free advertising. It is only a limited number that know the extent of its forests and the value of its timber. Now that lumbermen are beginning to look for spruce it would be well if they would turn their attention to the Oregon coast. In Tillamook County is to be found perhaps the heaviest and best developments of spruce. Tillamook Bay, fifty miles south of the Columbia, is encircled with immense forests of spruce. Here, too, are found as large fir trees as are known. It is claimed that one fir tree situated near Skookum Lake in Tillamook County is twenty-eight feet in diameter. Tillamook Bay has five good logging streams entering it. The Government has been improving the bars so that navigation can be carried on to a greater, or, as might be said, a deeper extent.—*West Coast Lumberman*.

Some Good Things not Appreciated.

Verily, the good things of this fruitful country do not seem to be appreciated in Puyallup, as they are seldom discoverable at the markets of the city. A dozen varieties of codfish and salmon, smelt, perch, flounders, sole, halibut, sturgeon and herring swim in schools in the Sound by the millions. The streams swarm with trout. The waters are covered with ducks, geese, brants and swan. The forests are alive with venison, grouse, quail and pheasants. In the marshes are plenteous snipe and plover. The islands in the Sound are covered with winter-bearing huckleberries, and the woods and roadsides are sur-

feited with edible mushrooms. The adjacent waters bear an unfailing harvest of oysters, mussels, clams, scollops and crabs, yet none of these luxuries can be found in the market of Puyallup, where the entire inventory is fully described in beef, mutton and pork.—*Citizen*.

The Situation Reversed.

A horse which had been hauling its owner around in an improvised sleigh a day or two ago, was finally, to his great astonishment, treated to a jolly coast down hill. The *Oregonian* relates that the outfit had heached the top of a long hill out near Woodstock, and as there were no shafts to the sled it ran against the horse's heels. He reared up, and slipping, fell over backwards on the sled. The driver saw him coming and got out of the way. The stakes at the side of the sleigh held the horse on, and away he went scooting down the hill till finally the sled brought up on the railroad track. The stakes were removed and the horse walked out uninjured. He was turned about and hauled the sled and his master up the hill, which suited him better than riding down on his back. The sight of the horse going down the incline with his legs waving in the air was very comical.

Defacing the Columbian Souvenir.

An exchange says a citizen took one of the Columbian souvenir coins to a local jeweler to have a letter engraved upon it and he made a discovery that surprised him as it will many others who are not familiar with the law. He wanted an initial cut in the mainsail of Columbus' ship, the letter being the initial of a friend to whom he intended sending the souvenir as a Christmas remembrance. The jeweler declined to engrave the initial, and showed his customer a section of the statute that covers the case, making the defacement or imitation of a current coin an offense for which there is a penalty of \$500. There is a question, however, as to whether the Columbian souvenir half dollars may be classed as current coins. The purchaser of one of them pays a dollar for a piece of silver worth about thirty-eight cents, and it appears that the extra price should entitle him to some extra privilege in the disposition of his purchase.

Townsite in a Lake.

Up in the Coeur d'Alene Country is an ambitious little town called Harrison, from which great things are expected when that rich mineral section of Idaho is developed. It was necessary for Congress to pass a special act before the townsite could be surveyed and located. A bill making such provision was introduced at the last session by Congressman Sweet. He tells an amusing story in connection therewith. It seems that when the bill was drawn the instructions as to the survey incorporated therein were taken from an incorrect map. When the surveyors finished their work, according to the letter of the law, they found they had located the town in the middle of the Coeur d'Alene Lake. Mr. Sweet attempted to bring the townsite to land, but failed, and finally concluded to allow the whole matter to go to the bottom, if necessary, while he prepared another bill by means of which he hopes to secure a location for the place in a section a trifle less aqueous in its formation.—*Mining Age*.

Living on Climate.

Now and then some croaker says: "Oh, yes, Washington is a fine climate, but then a man can't live on climate—he's got to have something to do to earn a living."

That's right, and a man that won't do anything honorable to earn a living isn't entitled to climate or "grub stake" either. An industrious man can catch fish and make a good living—and lay up money besides. He can dig potatoes on

"shares" and make a living. He can chop wood, cut bark, grub land and burn brush and never lose a day, for there will be work of that kind to do in Washington for the next fifty years. He can dig clams, if it comes to the worst. Where there is one opportunity to get rich in the East there are a dozen in Washington. A man that would growl about Washington would growl if he ever got to heaven.

There is nothing wrong with this State, but there is something wrong at times with those who come here and refuse to dig, grub, cut or trade.—*Mt. Vernon News*.

The Salt Superstition.

For a highly civilized people we are much given to superstition. A case in point was witnessed at the Nicollet House the other day. A young, handsome, stylishly dressed lady was daintily partaking of the appetizing viands before her, when she accidentally spilled a quantity of salt. She was not embarrassed by the accident but the most casual glance could not have failed to discover a decided perturbation in her mind. She doubtless believed some old story about the momentous import of such an accident. At any rate her actions confirmed the suspicion that she knew or thought she knew how to avert the impending doom and she proceeded to administer the antidote. It consisted simply in taking a small portion of the spilled salt upon her knife and throwing it carefully over her shoulder. This operation was repeated six times. The lady then proceeded with her dinner with a satisfactory expression on her face that seemed to say, "The charm has been broken and the fates propitiated."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

Souvenir Programs.

The making of these dainty gifts for guests invited to a home entertainment held in a log cabin in the far West is thus described by a writer in *Housekeeper*: They were on birch bark folios; the lettering was in gold paint, relieved by lines in India ink. This lettering was done by a boy, and very nice work it was. The girls added decorative designs in sepiá—no two being alike. One program bore a picturesque scene, containing a log cabin, another an old-fashioned fireplace with a bear warming his paws before it; another was a flock of wild geese flying over a lake. There was a forest campfire with backwoodsmen grouped about it; a wigwam, with squaw and dogs at its entrance; a cupid on snowshoes; a canoe on the water, bearing an Indian brave; a pair of doves harnessed to a tomahawk; a pretty girl dressed in short gown and petticoat with a whip-poor-will perching on her finger, and many other whip-poor-wills flying about her; a fox spinning flax at a distaff, and forty other designs equally pretty and unique.

"Crowd Poison."

This is a new name given by physicians to the temporary illness caused by remaining for some hours in a closely crowded room. Everybody has observed the nausea, headache and generally disgruntled condition that follows an evening at the theater, or at a large social reception, or at any crowded gathering of human beings. Another fact familiar in human experience is that it is not out-door exposure that gives one severe and dangerous colds, but "exposure to crowded rooms," as it has been called. General Butler probably took the cold which was the immediate cause of his death in the crowded, illy ventilated courtroom at Washington.

Medical chemists who have analyzed the air which causes "crowd poison" report that it is loaded down with carbonic acid gas, and this is the source of the illness. If present in sufficient quantity it would speedily cause death by suffocation. But there is just enough oxygen in

crowded meeting rooms for humanity to live on miserably. The whole tone of the system is weakened and benumbed, however; the blood cannot circulate or react when cold air strikes the skin; hence the person "takes cold." Often it is as much as one's life is worth to go to a meeting of any kind in cold weather. Why will not architects and people who build houses provide for fresh air?

The Educated Farmer.

Bob Burdette says: One day last week I took a drive with a farmer up in "York State." He wore tailor-made clothes, kid gloves, long cuffs, swell collar and a high hat. He drove a stepper to a cart that made you feel proud and rich. His farm paid for all these things. When he wanted to go to the circus, he bought a dollar seat and went. He didn't drive to town on a jag of wood, to sell it for fifty cents. He farmed because he

room, when evening comes it will be found that the stems have twisted around so that the faces of the flowers may again look out toward the light. These lilies appreciate the sunlight and instinctively turn to catch it full in their faces. In this they are little like the majority of human beings, for men bury themselves in dark rooms and unwholesome dens instead of going forth, when they could, to drink in the life-giving influences which the sun's rays spread about the daylight world.—*Idaho Statesman*.

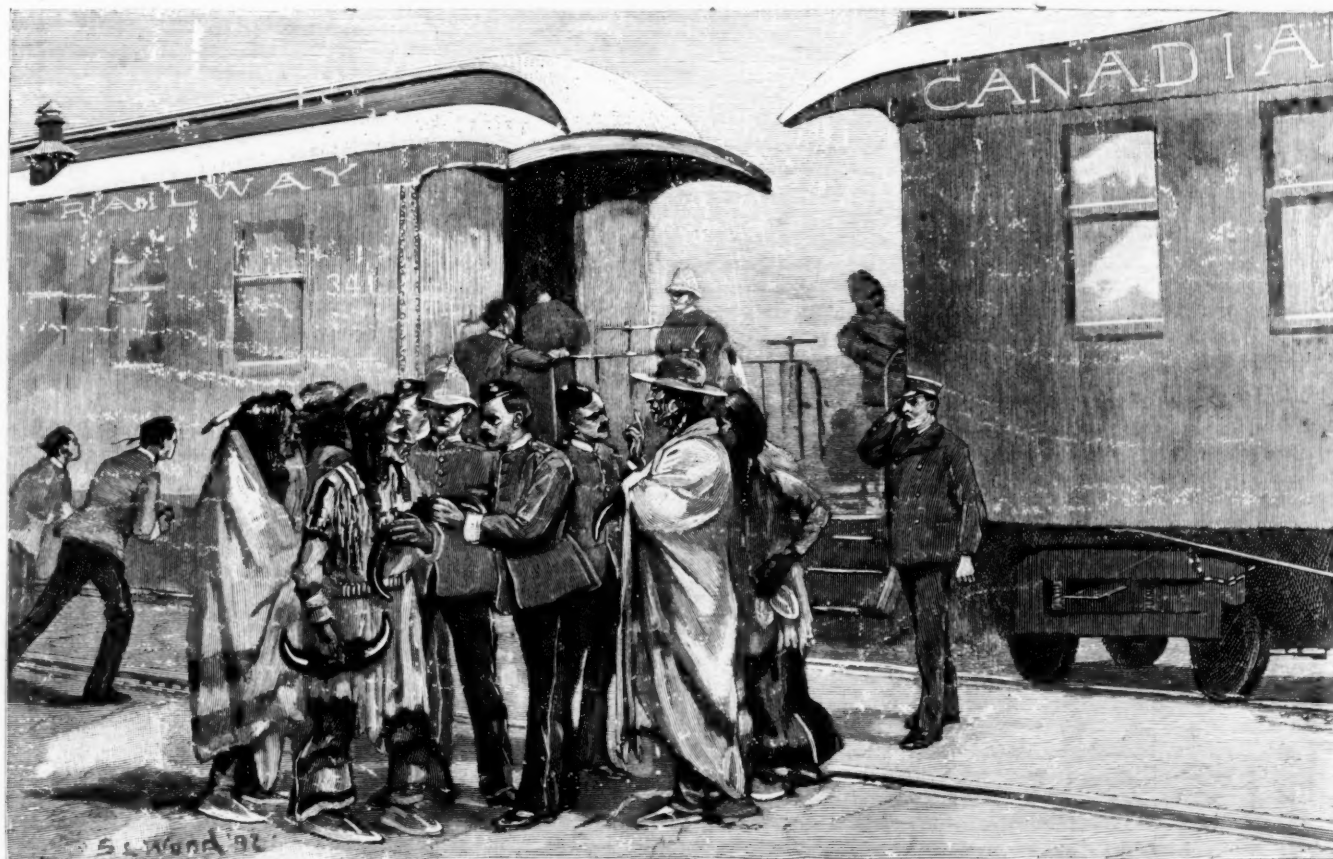
The Rich Class Increasing.

We are going to have rich men, I believe, and richer men than ever. The continuous development of very rich men is a necessary consequence of the freedom and the equality before the law that we all propose to enjoy. I do not believe that any legislative body or any social philosopher can prevent the coming up of rich men,

safety in keeping is going to increase: that is one of the results of a more perfect civilization. This means a great deal morally, it means fidelity and carefulness, and the power to procure this fidelity and careful ability in the interest of persons incompetent themselves to preserve great estates. That is going to be more and more possible in our country; and therefore we are going to see, in my judgment, more and more families in which wealth is transmitted. I look, therefore, for no decrease in the rich class, but rather for its increase.—*President C. W. Eliot*.

Materia Medica in China.

Any one who has ever taken Chinese medicine may find some comfort in a knowledge of the compositions which they may have absorbed. A species of their pills are made by dipping small pinto beans in the blood of some great Chinaman brave. They are warranted to cure any-



ENGLISH SOLDIERS BUYING BUFFALO HORNS AT A STATION IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

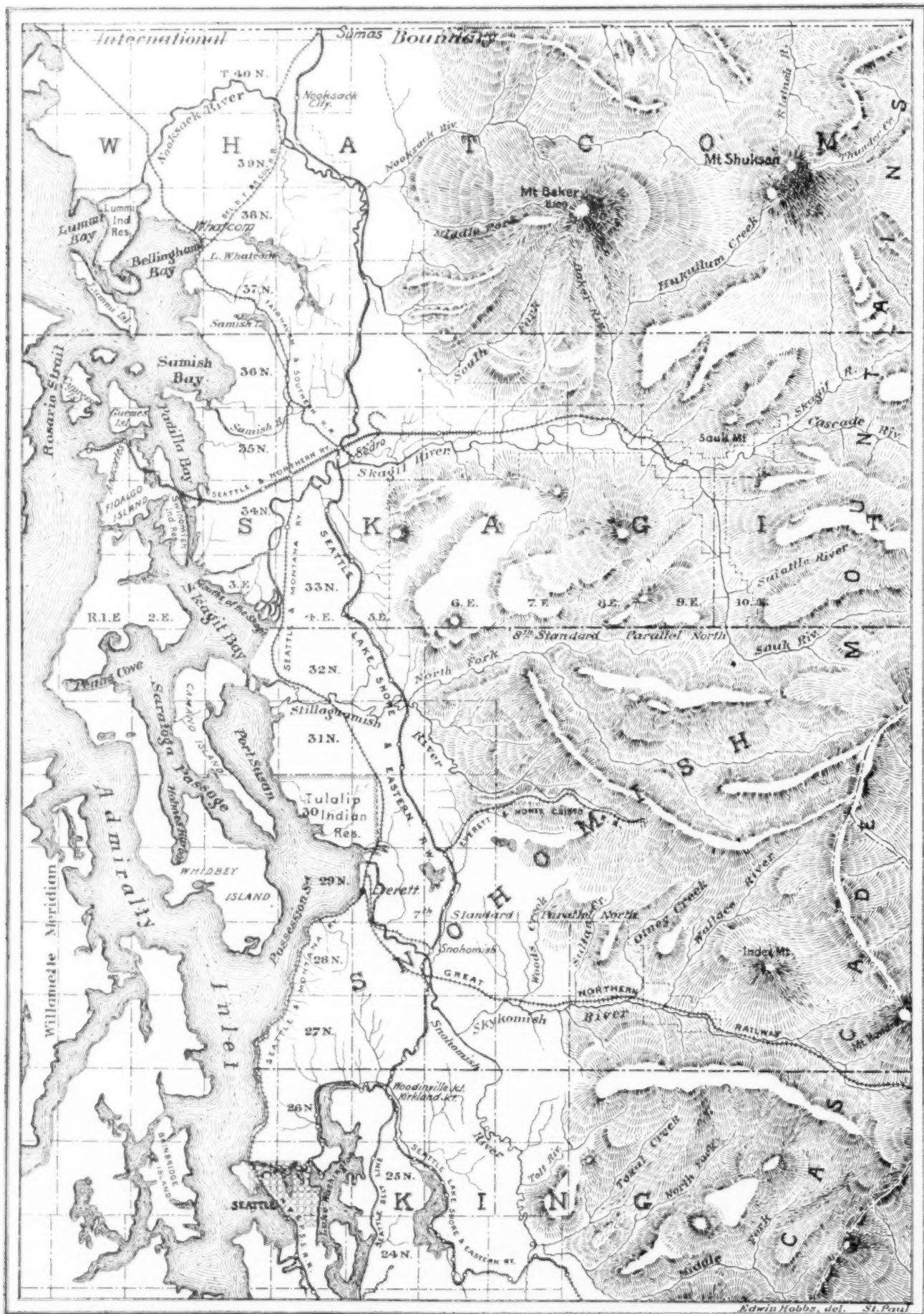
liked the business, loved country life, and there was money in it. He was a graduate of Cornell University, and that is the kind of a farmer he was. It stands to reason that the more a man knows, the more sense he has, the better fitted he is for any position, except that of a petit juror.

Idaho Sunshine.

When one realizes the beneficence of the sunshine, he can appreciate more fully the advantages of our Idaho climate. It is not a new subject, this influence of the genial rays of the King of Day, but it is ever being presented in some new form, and as often impresses the observer with the fact that men should be thankful for all the sunshine that they enjoy. Look at the China lilies that peep out from the windows of the Chinese establishments. Their faces are all turned toward the glass like the faces of beautiful children watching scenes in the street. If one of the bunches of these plants be turned around in the morning and made to face toward the

unless we all agree that we will no longer attempt to enjoy entire freedom and perfect equality before the law. Given the freedom, the natural money-getters will get their chance. Therefore, I do not believe that any method of distribution, or even dissipation, of wealth will succeed in preventing in this country the constant rise of very rich men. Moreover, do we not all see in this country a new condition of things which tends to the preservation of a rich class? When I was a boy, it was not the custom, among the generation preceding mine, to secure property to women when they were married; it was not the custom to settle estates on women and minors. The agencies to secure the faithful execution of such trusts were hardly created. But now there are many agencies for the execution of just such trusts,—mostly new within thirty years. In consequence, it is a great deal easier than it used to be to keep safe money once made, or the money which the creator of a great property has transmitted to his children. And this

thing from the e pluribus unum to the cholera infantum. A composition that is warranted to jerk the kinks out of a disordered stomach quicker than a champagne supper can put it there, is composed of spaghetti, of an inferior quality, and put up in little quills. A remedy that has of late become a great favorite with the celestials is a potion of dried and powdered duck's feet steeped in bear's gall. The rheumatism has about as much show against this combination as an Esquimaux against a shell game. Coon grease mixed with pitch is another valuable remedy and can be used for the cure of nightmare. Extract of dried abalone mixed with bluestone and molasses is to be applied and will cure the same ailments as the compound of polly-wog tincture of blue ruin. Wafers of sliced devil-fish are warranted to scare boils away, while powdered legs of tarantulas will break off short a fresh, first-class imported fever. Desiccated watermelon seeds are also a powerful aid against all ailments of the spirit and feet.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.



MAP SHOWING A PORTION OF THE PUGET SOUND BASIN.

IN THE PUGET SOUND BASIN

New Regions for Settlement Along the
Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern
Railroad.

BY E. V. SMALLEY.



HE Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad was originally a local Seattle enterprise which started to build a line from that city across the Cascade Mountains as far east as Spokane, where it was expected that it would

head off the Great Northern and become the west end of that road. The road was built by the local company fifty-nine miles eastward from Seattle to the base of the mountains and about forty miles were constructed westward from Spokane. A line was also built northward from Woodinville Junction, twenty-four miles out of Seattle, nearly due northward to Sumas, on the British Columbia boundary. Sumas is 125 miles from Seattle, and the primary object of this line was to give the Canadian Pacific entrance to Seattle. The company became involved in financial difficulties and about two years ago it sold out its lines to the Northern Pacific, turning over its stock on condition that its debts should be assumed by the purchasing corporation. Thus the S., L. S. & E. became a division of the Northern Pacific system. Its finances are kept separate, however, from those of the N. P. Its roads west of the mountains are operated under charge of a superintendent in Seattle—Newman Kline, formerly of St. Paul. All plans of building across the mountains were abandoned before the transfer of ownership occurred, and the line to Sumas became the main line, and that from Woodinville up to the coal mines at Gilman, to the superb cataract of the Snoqualmie River and to the hop-fields of North Bend was run as a branch. The Sumas line connects at that place with a branch of the Canadian Pacific, running to Mission, on the main line of that road, and also with the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railroad, which runs to Whatcom, twenty-three miles from Sumas. Additional importance will be given to the Sumas line this year by the construction of an independent road from Vancouver to Sumas, with the aid of a subsidy voted by the city of Vancouver. This road will be built with English capital but will be operated by the Northern Pacific and will become the terminal extension of that company's line through the Puget Sound Basin, which now reaches from Olympia, at the extreme head of the Sound, to the British boundary by way of Tacoma and Seattle. The road of the N. P. keeps back from the Sound from ten to twenty miles. The Great Northern has a line following the Sound shore pretty closely from Seattle to a point on the Fraser River opposite New Westminster and most of the way hugging the water's edge. It is at the disadvantage of competing with steamboats at nearly every town it runs through and it has done but little to develop the country for the reason that all the region it passes through was conveniently reached by water transportation before it was built. The Lake Shore & Eastern, on the other hand, has penetrated a region that was for the most part a wilderness before it was constructed. It crosses the valleys of all the rivers

that run into the Sound from the east, and crosses them at points about mid-way between the foothills of the mountains and the tidewater of the Sound. It is already doing a good business hauling logs, lumber, shingles and coal. It has a fair passenger traffic and its earnings are sure to increase with the development of the new country it penetrates until it becomes a very good piece of railroad property. The road is interesting to intending settlers who may wish to make homes in the Puget Sound Country by reason of the fact that it makes accessible a great deal of good land along the valleys of the Snohomish, the Stillaguamish, the Skagit and the Nooksack rivers, that when tilled can be made very productive of hops, oats, hay, fruits and vegetables, and that can be cleared at moderate expense. In the lower parts of all those valleys farmers have been established for many years, sending their products out on small steamboats. They prospered even before the era of railways and cities on the Sound. There are good opportunities for new comers to do as well and to enjoy the cool summers and mild winters of this exceptional Pacific Coast climate.

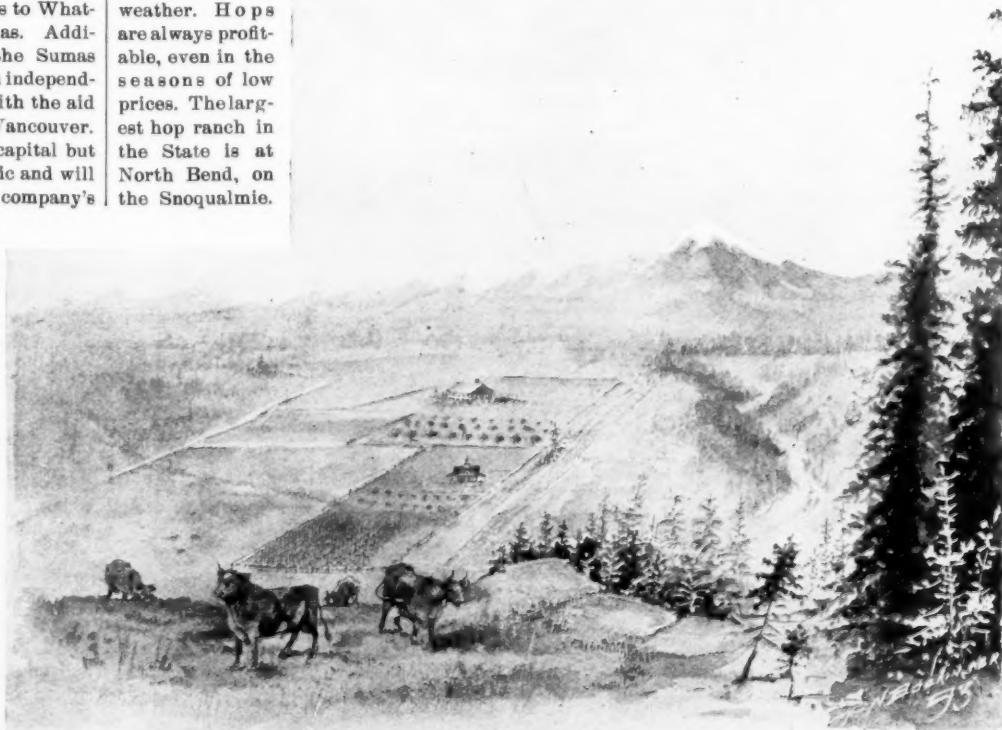
THE SNOHOMISH VALLEY.

One of the largest and richest of the farming valleys that lie on the eastern side of the Puget Sound Basin, between the Cascade Mountains and tide-water, is that of the Snohomish River. The Snohomish is formed by the Skykomish and the Snoqualmie, each of which makes a narrow valley as soon as it gets out of the mountains. From the junction of these two streams down to the Sound the distance is eighteen miles. The river is lined with farms on both sides and little steamboats take away the produce, to the great convenience of the settlers whose market is thus brought practically to their own doors. The boats go on up both forks of the river at high water. Hay is the principal crop on these valley farms, for the reason that it brings a good price at all times. Oats yield heavily. Wheat is raised only for chicken feed. The berry grows to great size but it does not harden so as to be fit for grinding into flour. Indian corn does not fully mature, owing to the lack of hot weather. Hops are always profitable, even in the seasons of low prices. The largest hop ranch in the State is at North Bend, on the Snoqualmie.

There is no better fruit country for apples, pears, plums, cherries and berries. Almost every farm has its orchard and in the towns fruit trees are seen in every door-yard, lot and garden. The farmers are with few exceptions well-to-do people, who have money at interest and live very comfortably. No doubt their prosperity has resulted from their custom of raising most of the articles required for food at home—vegetables, fruits, beef, cattle, hogs and chickens—and also from the good markets near at hand in the towns and lumbering camps. A great deal can be produced here on a small farm and without much hard work, either, for there is never any rush, the working season in this mild climate being almost as long as the entire year. A little snow falls in January or February but rarely remains longer than a week on the ground; and, with the exception of an occasional cold snap, the winter months are as mild as a New England April. Roses bloom in December and most of the birds do not migrate at all. A man can get a great deal more out of himself in the way of profitable work in such a country as this than he can in a climate that requires him to hibernate for four or five months of the year.

The valley lands in Western Washington are alone cultivated. This is the universal rule. There is here and there an exception where some ranchman has rescued a little patch of upland from its original dense fir forest and thus secured space for a pasture or an orchard. In the valleys the timber growth is light, consisting largely of vine maple, and the cost of clearing is not excessive. A man must want a field pretty badly to tackle the heavy upland woods, where there is a big tree on every square rod of area. Besides, the upland soil is thin and gravelly, while that of the bottoms is a very deep and rich loam. At some points in the Snohomish Valley, where the river has cut into the banks, you can see fifteen feet of solid black soil resting on clay.

The best chances for new settlers in the Snohomish Valley and in the valleys of the two tributary streams, the Snoqualmie and the Skykomish, will be found in the purchase and division of the larger farms and in pushing the clearings further back from the river and up the slopes



FARMSCENE IN SNOHOMISH COUNTY, WASHINGTON.



HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING, SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON.



A SNOHOMISH RESIDENCE.



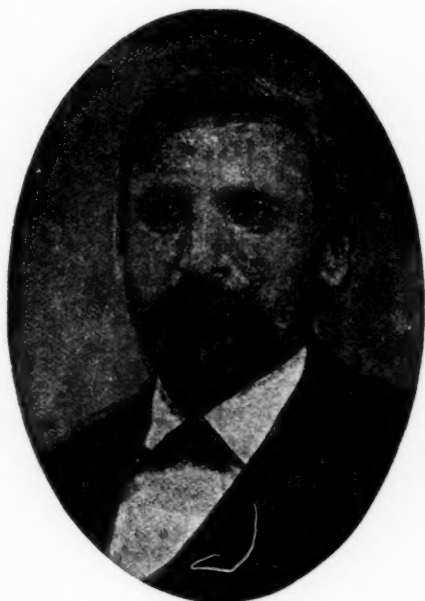
SNOHOMISH COUNTY COURT HOUSE, SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON.

of the hill-sides. Forty acres of this deep, rich loam make as big a farm as any farmer need own to earn a comfortable living, and if he wants to raise garden produce, hops and poultry he can do very well with only twenty.

THE TOWN OF SNOHOMISH.

Snohomish, county seat of the county of the same name, is a pleasant place of orchards and flower gardens, of pretty homes, of busy business streets, of mills where fragrant cedar shingles are split out of sections of huge tree trunks, of railway activity and of steamboat wharves, whence little brown, puffing boats depart for Everett, at the mouth of the river, and for farms and villages up streams. The population is not far from 3,500. It is not a raw, new town, like so many in this new State, but can show in its central district evidences of a respectable age in the old warehouses that overhang the river and in many-gabled structures that evidently date from another architectural epoch. In fact, the pioneer settler came to the place as long ago as 1860. This was E. C. Ferguson, the present mayor, who filed a claim on what is now the town-site in March of that year. Mr. Ferguson was born in Westchester County, New York, and in 1854, when twenty-one years of age, he migrated to California and mined for gold on the American River. In 1858 he went to the Fraser River mines, in British Columbia, returning in the fall of the same year to Puget Sound and working at the carpenter's trade in Steilacoom, which was then an important point, on account of its military post and garrison. About that time Congress made an appropriation to open a military trail from Fort Steilacoom to Fort Bellingham on Bellingham Bay. The trail was cut only as far as the Stillaguamish River when the work ceased because of the abandonment of the two military posts which it was to connect. Mr. Ferguson thought that the place where this trail crossed the Snohomish River would be a good point for taking up a claim with a view of making a possible town-site. He proceeded to file a homestead claim on the land now covered by the town of Snohomish. So that little tracks through the forests, opened under direction of the military authorities, determined the location of what is now one of the most prosperous towns in Washington. It made the fortune of Mr. Ferguson, too, for he staid by the settlement which clustered around his pioneer store and prospered as the place grew. He was seven times elected to the Territorial legislature and once chosen its speaker, and he has been three times elected mayor of Snohomish. He is now a stalwart, vigorous man of sixty, with an unfailing stock of enterprise, good humor and good sense—an excellent type of the best element of the Pacific Coast pioneers.

With the settlement of the valley and the development of the lumber industry the town grew. It had reached a population of about fifteen hundred before it had a railroad. Steamboats came up the deep, canal-like river from the Sound and all transportation was by water. The building of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad three or four years ago gave the place a new start and confirmed its position as the trade center of a large region of country. Later came the remarkable developments at Everett, at the mouth of the river, which produced a considerable manufacturing town in a few months time under the powerful stimulus of large capital liberally applied by the Rockefellers, the Colbys, Colgate Hoyt, Henry Hewitt, Jr., and other heavy capitalists. The attitude of the old cities of the Sound, Tacoma and Seattle, was at first one of antagonism towards the project of making a new city at Everett, but the Snohomish people stood in with the new enterprise and gave it what aid



HON. E. C. FERGUSON, MAYOR OF SNOHOMISH.

they could from their business facilities, profiting handsomely by the sale of merchandise and the furnishing of residence accommodations to a multitude of civil engineers, contractors and mechanics engaged in the construction of streets, buildings, factories and wharves in the infant city. Instead of being injured by the rapid rise of a new town six miles down the river, Snohomish has actually prospered and increased in population as the direct result of the Everett enterprise. Now there are frequent departures of steamboats running between the two places, and the new Everett & Monte Cristo road runs a number of local trains daily for passenger travel. This road makes use of the main line of the S., L. S. & E. road from Snohomish northward to Getchell, thirty miles, before turning eastward to reach the mines at the foot of the Cascade Mountains. The main line of the Great Northern road, leaving the Sound at Everett, runs through Snohomish and follows the course of the Skykomish River up to the mountains at Stevens Pass. It will thus be seen that Snohomish might with veracity advertise itself as a railroad center—a term much overworked, by the way, in the boom times of the West. It has the transcontinental line of the Great Northern, the important north and south line of the Lake Shore road, belonging to the Northern Pacific and connecting with that company's overland line at Tacoma by way of Seattle, and reaching the British Columbia towns at its northern end, and also the road of the Everett & Monte Cristo, built to develop a great mining region in the Cascades.

Snohomish presents a very attractive appearance, with its compactly built business street, its court houses and three large school houses, its churches, its railway and highway bridges and its hundreds of neat, cosy homes, each with pleasing surroundings of flower beds, blossoming shrubs and fruit trees. The evergreen forests form a background for the views over river, town and fields, no matter what direction the eye may take. It has three newspapers, the *Eye*, the *Tribune* and the *Democrat*, the two first-named issuing tri-weekly editions on alternate days and thus giving the place a paper every day, and the later coming out once a week. The banks are the First National and the Snohomish National. The officers of the First National are J. Furth, president; H. C. Comegys, vice-president, and Wilson M. Snyder, cashier. Those of the Snohomish National are E. C. Ferguson, president; J. C. Bassett, vice-president; U. K. Loose, cashier,

and A. M. Farrah, assistant cashier. A large business is done in the manufacture of cedar shingles by five mills located in or near the town. A log train is run every day by the Lake Shore road to bring in the cedar logs and bolts for these mills and the shingles are shipped in box cars to Eastern markets.

Snohomish will be sure to derive large bene-

lars. It is only reasonable to suppose that the sagacious New York capitalists who are building that road and are erecting a smelter to smelt the ores know beyond question that they will have ore enough to handle to justify the large expenditures they are making. Just across a low divide from the Monte Cristo mines and on the headwaters of the Sultan, a stream running into the Skyko-



C. H. BAKEMAN'S STORE, SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON.

fits in the near future from the development of the mineral discoveries in the Cascade Mountains at the head of the numerous creeks that feed the Skykomish and Stillaguamish rivers. These discoveries have been so far explored and opened up as to make the growth of an important mining district a certainty. The ores are silver galena, carrying some gold and also copper with gold and silver. Those of the Monte Cristo region are found in wide fissure veins. They are the basis of the new Everett & Monte Cristo Railroad, which will be opened next summer and which will cost over two millions of dol-

lars, a company composed of Englishmen and of St. Paul men are now at work on one of the most remarkable deposits of copper in the world. The vein, which, like the copper veins at Butte, Montana, carries enough silver and gold to pay smelting charges, stands out like a pillar from the side of a precipitous mountain. It has a width of thirty feet and has been traced for nearly a mile. A calculation of the quantity of ore in sight places it at the enormous figure of six millions of tons. This mine will be reached by a spur from the Great Northern Railroad, which follows the valley of the Skykomish up to



THE HAGARTY BLOCK, SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON.

the mountains. For all these new mining districts Snohomish is the nearest important town and serves as their supply point. Its merchants carry large stocks of goods and are prepared to occupy the new trade territory of the mining camps as fast as it is developed. With two lines of railroads running up to the mines its position is very strong. When wealth is created by the operation of the mines it will become the favorite residence place for the successful mining men, who will want to establish their families where they can enjoy the educational and social advantages of a handsome and well-established town.

Our Snohomish illustrations include an engraving of C. H. Bakeman's furniture and carpet store, which is one of the most attractive looking

above Snohomish, and on the railroad lines extending north about twice that distance. Mr. Bakeman is a young man, not yet having reached thirty-two, but has all the pluck and energy of the typical Westerner; and that, coupled with a thorough knowledge of the furniture and drapery business is what is responsible for his somewhat phenomenal success in business. A side issue in his business is the sale of sewing machines, in which line he controls the trade of the country. In matters of enterprise looking to ward the future of the city and county, Mr. Bakeman is one of the foremost men in Snohomish.

Another of the substantial business buildings of Snohomish is shown in our illustrations—the Hagarty Block. Mr. Hagarty is one of the heavy property owners of Snohomish City and County, and has done more than his share to-

At the crossing of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad there are two little rival villages, only half a mile apart and both on the same side of the stream. Their names are Arlington and Haller City. Two or three hundred people live in each. They are deplorable monuments of real estate speculation. Consolidated into one place they would make a smart and attractive village. Now the inhabitants of each spend much of their time talking of the drawbacks and general meanness of the rival burg.

Up the valley of the Stillaguamish runs the new line of the Everett & Monte Cristo Railroad. Its construction has given new life to the whole valley, bringing in farmers to look for ranch lands, lumbermen to take up timber claims and miners to prospect for gold and silver veins.



A FARM ON THE SKAGIT RIVER, WASHINGTON.

buildings in that thriving young city. Like many another successful Washington man, Mr. Bakeman commenced business with a somewhat limited capital, consisting of a set of tools and about forty dollars worth of lumber and material that could be, and soon was, worked up into such furniture as the trade demanded. Without going into detail as to how success was attained it is only necessary to point to the engraving of his new store building in which he carries a fifteen thousand dollar stock, and out of which more than \$75,000 worth of business was done last year. It is the oldest and largest furniture house in Snohomish County and has succeeded in controlling the trade to such an extent that no other furniture house has ever been able to get even a good foothold in either Snohomish City or County. The trade extends up the Snohomish River and branches from forty to fifty miles

ward advancing the material interests of both. The post office and several leading mercantile firms are located in his block, which occupies a commanding situation at the head of the main street in the city.

THE STILLAGUAMISH VALLEY.

The first stream entering the Sound north of the Snohomish is the Stillaguamish, a considerable river, with an extensive delta at its mouth of very rich alluvial land and with many stretches of fine bottom land along its upper and middle course. The delta was formerly subject to overflow at high tides but most of it is now protected by low dikes built by the farmers, and is cultivated in oats and hay. Prodigious yields of oats are reported from these tide-land farms. Stanwood is the market town of the delta country.

THE SKAGIT VALLEY.

The Skagit is the largest river entering the Sound. It heads in the eternal snows of Mount Baker and with its many tributaries drains a large extent of the western face of the Cascade Range. In the mountains its valley is only wide enough for the powerful current of the river at high water, but as it emerges from the gorges and canyons and gets out into the rolling and ridgy country of the Sound basin it flows placidly past broad stretches of good agricultural land. Before entering the salt water it divides into a number of arms and forms much the largest delta made by any of the rivers of this region. This delta is diked in a cheap and primitive way with mud walls two or three feet high and is well settled by prosperous farmers whose chief products are oats and cattle. The Skagit delta

supports the towns of Mount Vernon and LaConner and is in part tributary to the island town of Anacortes. About twenty miles back from the Sound at the point where the Lake Shore Railroad crosses the river are two rival towns, called Sedro and Woolley, which are less than a mile apart. Each has its hotel, and group of stores and saloons. Sedro was laid out on a large scale and most of the money taken in by the parent land company from the sale of lots was liberally spent in erecting a very pretty and spacious hotel, a big school house, a church and two blocks of stores and in grading streets and building side-walks. At Woolley three railroads cross and their junction seemed to make a settlement necessary at that particular point. These roads are the Lake Shore, the Anacortes and Hamilton line of the Oregon Improvement Company, and the old Fairhaven & Southern, now a branch of the Great Northern system. The latter runs on eastward three miles beyond Woolley to the Bennett coal mine, where coke is made. The railroads make Woolley an excellent point for manufacturing cedar shingles and siding, from the fact that logs can be brought in from all directions to the mills. In time there will be a good town where now these two villages face each other jealously. They are not too far apart to be welded into one and the settlement of the upper valley of the Skagit and the development of mines on the creeks that feed the river and head in the silver belt of the Cascade Mountains will certainly require a distributing point for merchandise and a central market for produce at this place, where three railroads meet the navigable waters of the Skagit.

Our artist has sketched a characteristic Skagit Valley farm. In the foreground of the picture is the river, and a hay barge floating down to the Sound. In the valley are thousands of acres of rich bottom lands yet to be cleared and occupied by settlers, and locations can be found where the cedar and fir timber will pay the expense of clearing.

THE NOOKSACK VALLEY.

The Nooksack is not as large a stream as the Skagit but it carries water enough to float steamboats for a distance of twenty miles from its mouth, and it has the widest valley of all the rivers that flow to the Sound. In fact a great part of its valley from the junction of the three forks, near the town of Nooksack, is a plain reaching northward to the Fraser, the great river of British Columbia. This plain, broken here and there by low ranges of hills, is nearly all good farming land. The cost of clearing is so great, however, that probably not one acre in fifty of the land capable of raising crops is now under cultivation. Some of the settlers only kill the big trees by burning, leaving them standing, and raising hay and oats between the gigantic trunks. Well cleared farms along the Nooksack cannot be bought for less than \$100 an acre and few of the old settlers could be induced to sell at that figure. Their improvements show that they are prosperous. Many of them live in large houses with big barns and orchards close at hand. Hay is their main crop. It costs to cut and bail hay about \$2.50 per ton and two dollars more gets it down to market at the towns on Bellingham Bay, where it sells from \$12 to \$24. At the lowest price there is a big profit in raising it. Timothy is the grass universally raised. Clover makes good pasturage but the climate is too damp for clover day to keep well. Oats yield from eighty to a hundred bushels to the acre and sell \$22 to \$28 per ton of 2,000 pounds. The oats of this region are so heavy that forty pounds make a bushel.

The formation of the country indicates that the Nooksack Valley and Basin belong to the



OLD HOMESTEAD AND APPLE ORCHARD IN THE NOOKSACK VALLEY, WHATCOM COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

delta of the Fraser. In fact there are times of very high water on the Nooksack when that stream discharges a portion of its flow into the Fraser through Sumas Creek. A range of hills back of the town of Blaine separates the two valleys at their lower end, but above there is no line of demarkation. Through the upper valley for a distance of fifteen miles runs the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern road, and the lower valley is well served with transportation facilities by steamboats and in part by the railroad of the Bellingham Bay & British Columbia company, which starts from the bay front at New Whatcom and runs to Sumas. This road is owned by a California company composed of some of the heaviest capitalists in that State, such as P. B. Cornwall, its president, Lloyd Tevis, J. B. Haggin and D. O. Mills. The same company owns 4,000 acres of the New Whatcom town-site and the great coal vein which underlies a large part of the site.

The Nooksack comes into the Sound about three miles north of Whatcom, but Whatcom is its town and its valley is Whatcom's back country. A better region for hay, oats, hops and stock can nowhere be found and the growth and prosperity of Whatcom bears evidence to the productivity of this broad area of supporting country.

REFORMING UMATILLA INDIANS.

An attempt at reform is in progress among the Indians on the Umatilla Reservation which is awakening much interest, both among the red men and their white neighbors. The *East Oregonian* says: "The plan is to compel marriages in the future to be performed in accordance with the law of 'the Boston man,' and to prevent the young men from taking unto themselves companions in the 'good old way' that their ancestors recognized, but which is now considered uncivilized and illegal. For this purpose several trials have taken place in the Indian courtroom, the defendants being braves who have disobeyed this new rule by living with women to whom they were united only in the common fashion of their race. Reports are that there will be many of these trials and that it will require much time and effort to carry out the proposed reform. Recently three Nez Perce Indians, Jesse, Joseph Samuel and Yellow-mus, were tried on a charge of marrying women of the Umatillas when they

already had wives at their homes on their own reservation. Judges Long Hair and Jim Robinson sat in a solemn judgement on the case and condemned the defendants to thirty days of hard labor. The labor consists in sawing wood, at which job the unfortunate bigamistic redskins are now employed at the agency. It is hardly to be presumed that they 'say nothing,' for the indignity of sawing wood would cause the most imperturbable Indian stoic to express his despair."

A SHIP STRIKES A TREE'S BRANCHES.

The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* says: As illustrating the safety with which vessels can pass in and out through the straits forming the entrance to Puget Sound and run right close to the shore without danger of stranding, Capt. George W. Bullene told the following story the other day about Capt. Farnham, formerly master of the ship *Dashing Wave*:

Several years ago the *Dashing Wave* was beating her way in through the straits in a thick fog. Suddenly the lookout sung out, "Woods! woods!" and the next moment branches of trees could be seen from the poop deck.

"Put your wheel hard aport!" was the command of the captain to the man at the wheel. But before the ship could be brought around the jibboom and jib sheets were touching the branches of the trees on the bank.

"Pull in the jib sheets!" came the next command, but before they could be hauled in they stuck in the branches of a tree.

"Get out there quick and get them loose!" yelled the captain at the top of his voice; and no sooner was the command given than two active sailors were out on the boom and had the sheets freed. At the same time a sudden breeze sprung up, the ship swung out, and the two sailors were left perched in the branches of the tree.

A "SHOT GUN CLAIM."—According to the *Tribune*, some curious claims are sometimes made by applicants for pensions who appear before the Olympia board. An old soldier recently asked for an increase in his pension of \$8 per month, on the score of an injury to his left ankle, disease of the throat, chronic diarrhoea, piles, catarrh affecting the lungs, spinal weakness, gun-shot wound on left hand, rheumatism and injury to right leg. This is known as a "shot gun claim," because it is bound to hit somewhere.

WASHINGTON CEDAR SHINGLES.



THE cedar shingle industry of the Puget Sound Basin and of the coast region of Western Washington is fast growing to enormous proportions. There are probably not fewer than a hundred and fifty mills now in operation, and there seems to be no limit in sight for many years to come to the possible expansion

of the industry. The red cedar of Washington makes the best shingles in the world. They are smooth, handsome, free from knots and other imperfections, so regular in size as they come from the machines that they make a perfect mechanical fit on the roof, and they are of surprising durability. Shingles on old buildings erected when the Puget Sound Country was first settled, over thirty years ago, still shed the copious rains of this moist region. The market for these shingles is fast being extended all over the East through the enterprise of the manufacturers and with the aid of the railroads. Every builder who knows their merits now wants them. Every architect who is at all familiar with them is pretty sure to specify them for roofing first-class dwelling houses in towns and villages. They are shipped over the Northern Pacific by the train load to such lumberdistributing points as Minneapolis, St. Paul, Omaha, Sioux City, Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago, and to a multitude of minor points. They have even made their way east as far as Pittsburgh and Buffalo, and a few consignments have been made to New York and Boston. The only limit to their rapid spread in public favor is the capacity of the railroads to furnish cars for hauling them. The freight on them is too low to make it profitable to haul westward empty box cars to take the shingles east in, and the makers can at present only count on such cars as are billed through to Pacific Coast points with merchandise.

The cedar mills are located at various points along the railroads in Western Washington, and on the navigable waters of rivers, bays and the Puget Sound. Rarely is more than one found at one place. The requisites for a location are a considerable body of good cedar timber near at hand and shipping facilities at the mill door. A mill company may or may not own the standing timber it depends upon for its supply, but it must have it close by and must for safety have it under contract. The timber comes to the mill in two forms—in entire logs and in bolts, which are pieces of timber four feet long, of somewhat larger size than ordinary cord-wood. Some mills are rigged for bolts alone. They cost delivered about \$2.50 a cord. If logs are used they are brought to the mills by rail or floated to it by water. The log is first cut into four-foot lengths and is then ripped into quarters. The four-foot bolts or sections of the log are sawed twice so as to make pieces sixteen inches long. There are two kinds of mill machinery—the ten-block and the hand machinery. The ten-block machine takes ten pieces of wood at once, and the motion which reverses the blocks so that the thin end of the shingle shall be cut alternately from one, and then the other end, is done by the machine automatically. Such a machine will cut 140,000

shingles a day and requires about twenty-five men to run the mill. The hand machine is run by eight men. It takes but one block at a time and its movements are constantly controlled by hand. It will cut about 50,000 a day. There is one advantage for the hand machine—the work can be done more carefully; and by rejecting imperfect blocks a better and more uniform grade of shingle can be turned out. A large majority of the Washington mills use the hand machine, and are therefore small concerns in which the proprietors generally work with their men. These little mills are scattered all along the lines of railroads in the country between Puget Sound and the Cascade Mountains, and in the Chehalis and Gray's Harbor region. They are becoming a very important source of cash revenue to all this region, bringing in ready money for the men who cut and haul the logs and bolts and the men who work in the mills. The business, prudently managed, is very profitable. A small mill with a dry-house attached costs perhaps \$3,000, and will earn net from \$25 to \$40 for its owners every day it works. The shingles sell at the mill at \$1.75 a thousand for the thin kind and \$1.95 for the thick ones. In Minneapolis they command \$4.50. In a common 34-foot car are packed 145,000 shingles of the thin size and 125,000 of the thick size. The freight rate to St. Paul and Minneapolis is sixty cents per hundred pounds weight. The thin shingles weigh 180 pounds to the thousand and the thick shingles 200 pounds. These weights are the basis of charges, and if the shingles run over there is an extra charge. By drying over steam coils about thirty pounds weight is taken out of each bunch, when the shingles are cut from green cedar. The effort is always to dry them down to the guaranteed standard weight so as to avoid additional freight charges.

The cedar mills have created a multitude of little settlements in the forest where nobody lived one or two years ago. Each settlement, besides the mill, has a postoffice, a store, a hotel and one or two saloons, and it is the resort of the

loggers and teamsters, the timber cruisers and the settlers who are holding timber lands for many miles around. The new industry has made cedar lands, which were valueless before it sprang into existence, worth more than fir lands. A quarter-section of good cedar, showing about three million feet of standing timber, which would be a fair average if situated near a railroad, would probably now bring from \$3,000 to \$4,000. No wonder the woods are alive with cruisers and locators, under these new conditions. The new industry spreads its benefits over all classes of people. The ranchmen in the valleys sell their sheep, cattle, hogs and garden stuff to the lumbering camps and mill villages. Merchants establish little stores to supply the new demand for goods. The money paid out for felling the trees and making the shingles is soon distributed for various kinds of supplies and services.

To the question of whether the shingle business is not likely to be overdone, the reply I hear is that the Eastern markets have only been occupied in small part thus far, and that as the merits of the cedar shingle become constantly more widely appreciated the demand must increase until three or four times as many as are now turned out will find ready sale. There is really only one kind of shingle in the East that can for a moment be compared with the red cedar: that is the cypress shingle made in the Gulf States, and no one claims it is the equal, in either beauty or durability, of the Washington shingle. It is hard and lasting, but it checks off in small splinters under the rays of the sun. Clear pine shingles are unquestionably very good roofing material; but they are dear, for the reason that the clear pine of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota is now too valuable for finishing lumber to be worked up into shingles except at fancy prices. All the big Eastern sawmills now cut nothing but slabs into shingles. Last summer Washington cedar shingles sold in Omaha and Chicago at prices below those asked for clear pine. Experienced lumber dealers now recognize that the Washington shingle is in the Eastern market to stay, and to make its way everywhere in cities, towns and villages.

There is another consideration to be kept in view in discussing the question of the future of this new industry. While the Eastern demand for cedar shingles is bound to increase steadily for many years to come, the good unoccupied lo-



CEDAR SHINGLE MILL OF SPARKS & MONAGAHAN, GETCHELL, WASHINGTON.

cations for new mills are by no means numerous. Already mill men say that it is difficult to find a thoroughly good location in reference to both requirements—standing timber in large quantity near at hand, and shipping facilities. When forty or fifty more mills have been established and the present output increased by say fifty per cent, such locations will be rare, and in fact will be almost impossible to find until more lines of railway are constructed. Western Washington is now so well provided with competing railway systems that there is only one part of the State that is likely to invite new construction. That is the great wilderness country between the Olympic Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. In that region, now a trackless wilderness, inhabited by a few Indians and a handful of hardy pioneer settlers, there is much good cedar; but ten years are likely to elapse before railroads penetrate it. The great increase in the number of shingle mills last year may result in a temporary derangement of the market; but the trouble is more likely to come from a scarcity of

this cedar siding should make its way in Eastern lumber markets as rapidly as the shingles have done, a new and important addition will be made to the cedar industry. At present there are but few mills equipped with machinery for sawing siding that are favorably located for getting cedar logs. All the old sawmills were established with reference to fir timber and they are not in a position to enter into competition for cedar siding in case a large demand should be created in the East. Thus there will be opportunities for new mills to go into this branch of business.

In conclusion let me say that the cedar shingle industry is much the most important new business that has been developed in Western Washington during the past two years. It is doing a great deal to help the region out of the depression caused by over-booming the towns. It sustains population and distributes money throughout the country in a multitude of small places. It cannot be concentrated in a few points. It builds up little manufacturing villages in the

stand the storm twenty years longer. Another feature, wherein they are better than almost any other kind—they do not warp and split from the heat of the sun. One has only to go through the pine forests of Michigan and examine trees that have been down for a few years, then come to Washington and take a look at some of her giants that have been down for ages, and compare the two. While the pine is fast decaying and has become a play-house for vermin, the cedar inside the sap will be as sound as the day it fell. If this is not proof enough, set a few pine posts in the ground, and by the side of them set a few cedar posts; in two years the pine will have completely rotted off, while the cedar will be as sound as the day they were set. This proves the superiority of our cedar under all conditions, where in the least exposed to the weather.

With all these qualities in their favor, is it any wonder that the cedar shingles are rapidly supplanting all others in the Eastern market? The consumer certainly would be willing to pay more for an article that would do sixty years' service



A CEDAR STUMP NEAR SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON.

cars for shipment than from a lack of demand in the East. The shingle makers were at one time combined in a single association, but that combination fell to pieces last year and is now being succeeded by county associations, which are useful and are likely to endure. Whatcom and Skagit County shingle makers have already formed strong associations, and other counties will soon follow their example. Conferences between the officers of these county associations are held periodically and agreements as to prices are made and pretty well maintained. At present the price established for the thin grade of shingles is \$1.75 per thousand, and this is the uniform rate on board cars at the mills all over Western Washington.

This year a number of the mill men are turning their attention to making cedar siding for Eastern sale. The large mill at Woolley has received an order from Boston and is going to make a number of carloads of short clapboards, half an inch thick and twelve feet long, and sell them in that city at \$24 per thousand feet. If

woods along all the lines of railroad. From the sociological as well as the business point of view this industry affords a very interesting study, and deserves much more thorough treatment than I can give it in this article. E. V. S.

DURABILITY OF CEDAR SHINGLES.

D. H. DeCan, secretary of the Whatcom County Shingle Manufacturers' Association, furnishes the following in relation to the durability of cedar shingles:

A great deal has been said and written about the durability of the Washington cedar shingle, and a great deal more can be said without prevaricating in the least. It is an established fact here, where they have been in use for over forty years, that they never rot, but will remain perfectly sound until entirely worn out. There are a few buildings now standing in the city limits that were built forty years ago and covered with cedar shakes or shingles which are as sound as the day they were laid, and look as though they might

than for one that lasts less than half that time, could he be convinced of the fact. But he is paying little more for the cedar shingle than the pine has been costing him, and to this fact is due, I think, the wonderful growth of our shingle industry the past year.

While our product has been selling far too cheap, yet it has been the means of getting our shingles thoroughly introduced, and we can hope for some recompense later on for the sacrifice we are now making.

One thing that has been a serious drawback to the introduction of our product East has been the number of poorly manufactured shingles that have been shipped. A good many have gone into manufacturing who know nothing about the business, and seem to think that anything would go as long as it was cedar. This is a great mistake; we cannot be too careful about the manufacture and packing. A poorly manufactured shingle cannot be made presentable, no matter how well packed, and a perfectly manufactured shingle does not look well if poorly packed.



MILLS OF THE SKAGIT RIVER LUMBER AND SHINGLE CO., WOOLLEY, WASHINGTON.

RED CEDAR SHINGLE NOTES.

Our illustrations show two typical cedar shingle mills: a large one, cutting from the log, using the ten-block machine and located at a point where there are facilities for getting logs over a number of railroads and shipping out the product, and a small one in the woods on a single line of road, running with a hand machine. The first is the mill at Woolley, owned by P. A. Woolley and his sons, under the firm name of the Skagit River Lumber and Shingle Company. Its daily capacity is 150,000 shingles. The buildings shown are the mill, the dry house, an oil house and two warehouses. In the mill is an electric light plant which furnishes light for the mill and for Mr. Woolley's residence, near by. This is a thoroughly equipped concern, with fire protection and with ample side-track facilities for receiving the material and shipping the product of the mill. Its capacity is 160,000 shingles a day and it also saws lumber from fir logs, turning out 30,000 feet a day.

The small mill illustrated is that of Sparks & Monaghan, at Gatchell, Snohomish County, on the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad. This mill uses bolts only and buys them in such quantities that a large stock is always kept on hand to season before being cut. Only the highest grades of shingles are made, all inferior shingles being thrown out before the bunches are made up. The product is about 40,000 a day, and the price obtained on board the cars at the mill door is \$1.95 a thousand. Figures furnished by Mr. Sparks make the cost of cedar and of manufacturing a little under a dollar a thousand shingles; so that, not counting interest on the plant or renewals of machines, there is a clear profit of a dollar on a thousand.

The standard shingle shipped to Eastern markets is sixteen inches long and is of two thicknesses—six shingles to two inches at the butts, and five to two inches. Of late there has come a demand from Pittsburg and the towns in Western Pennsylvania for a shingle eighteen inches

long and five-eighths of an inch thick. The Pennsylvanians and their fathers and grandfathers before them have always used shingles of this large size and refuse to change their ideas and habits.

Whatcom County leads all others in its number of mills and daily output, which is nearly 2,000,000 a day. There are now forty mills. In Skagit County there are thirty mills. Snohomish, King and Pierce counties rank next in number of mills. The total output of red cedar shingles in the State of Washington in the year 1892 was 1,198,000,000 shingles, worth on board cars about three and a half million dollars.

Shipments of cedar siding and other light cedar lumber to Eastern markets are destined to a rapid increase. The freight to Chicago is three dollars a thousand feet of half-inch siding, or six dollars a thousand, board measure, and the siding sells there for twenty-two dollars a thousand, which leaves a very good profit to the mills. The lumber is dried down before shipping so as to weigh about 700 pounds to the thousand. Ballard, a suburb of Seattle, is probable the largest siding manufacturing point. In Skagit County, beside the mill at Woolley, there is a mill at Mount Vernon making a specialty of siding. It belongs to Bacon & Henderson.

The cost of manufacturing shingles varies considerably with the situation of the mills in relation to the supply of logs or bolts. As a rule the best showing for expense is made by the little new mills in the timber on the lines of railroad, but this drawback must be taken into account, that after the timber close to them is cut off they must be taken down and removed to another location. The best locations for permanent work are where several railroads cross or on the water front of the Sound near river mouths where there are booms for collecting the logs run down the streams. Nearly all the Sound towns are now important shingle-making points. Tacoma, Seattle, Everett, Fairhaven, Whatcom and Blaine have each a number of mills. Other mills are located

where railroad lines cross rivers, as at Mount Vernon, Ferndale and Nooksack. By far the larger number, however, are found in the woods along the railroads.

Mr. DeTiere, editor of the Bellingham Bay Express, kindly took the trouble, when the NORTHWEST MAGAZINE party were in Whatcom, to climb on the roof of the old coal bunkers, erected twenty-seven years ago, and pull off three shingles, to show how well they had stood the wear of time. They were considerably worn by the action of the rains, but looked to be good for another quarter of a century.

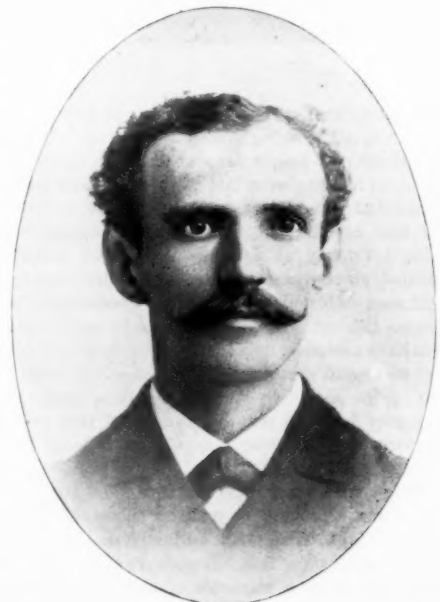
A Seattle man not directly interested in shingle making said to me: "You can tell your readers that if they have a roof to shingle they cannot afford to use pine shingles, even if they cost nothing, for the reason that the labor required to pull them off and put on new shingles when they wear out will cost more than to purchase cedar shingles, which will last a lifetime."

E. V. S.

Mr. George E. Brand, secretary of the Skagit County Shingle Association, whose portrait appears on this page, was born in Milan, Indiana, in 1849, and educated at the college in Aurora, Indiana. In 1868 he removed to California and entered mercantile pursuits. Ten years later he engaged in the manufacture of lime, cement and brick. He became a resident of Washington in 1890, going to Fairhaven, securing the franchises and building the Bellingham Bay gas works, which supply the towns of Whatcom and Fairhaven. He also secured a franchise for the electric works at Mount Vernon and organized the company. He is secretary and superintendent of the latter concern, and is also trustee of the Mount Vernon Lumber and Shingle Company. His home is still in Fairhaven.

SKAGIT COUNTY RED CEDAR SHINGLES.

Much has recently been written about the vast extent and value of the red cedar timber from which the superior Washington shingles are made; and, while some liberal statements have been published which to the distant and unacquainted reader may seem exaggerations, the earnest investigator who has taken the trouble to come and visit our mills and pass through our magnificent forests has been ready to exclaim,



GEO. E. BRAND, SECRETARY SKAGIT COUNTY SHINGLE ASSOCIATION.



COL. P. A. WOOLLEY, PRESIDENT SKAGIT COUNTY SHINGLE ASSOCIATION.

"The half has not been told me!" From such enthusiastic visitors the impression has been spread throughout the Eastern States that the red cedar forests of Washington are almost without limit; so plentiful, indeed, that timber can be obtained for manufacture comparatively with little or no cost. This is erroneous and misleading; for, while there are large quantities of red cedar suitable for shingles which will in the near future bring to the State immense returns of Eastern gold, it is a fact that the accessible, first-class cedar timber is rapidly disappearing, as will be seen from memoranda of the increase of the manufacture.

The Eastern shipment of shingles from Washington in quantities is comparatively a new business. The first mill built in Skagit County was built by Howard & Attick, at Edison, in 1881, being only 20,000 capacity daily, and the product was shipped by schooners to Port Blakely; thence to Eastern markets by lumber vessels. However, until 1890-91 there were only a few small mills, and they manufactured mostly for local markets. Among the mills then manufacturing, Col. P. A. Woolley's—the Skagit River Lumber and Shingle Co., at Woolley—was the largest, and Col. Woolley was the first to pioneer the way for an Eastern market, and he was largely instrumental, by advertising and personal effort, in establishing a demand for red cedar shingles. His first shipments were made from Woolley via Fairhaven & Southern Railroad to Fairhaven; thence by steamer to Vancouver, and over the C. P. Railway to Eastern markets. In the year 1891 there were six mills in the county making shingles, with a daily capacity of 300,000. During that year there was a new impetus given to the business by lower rates made by the Northern Pacific which enabled the manufacturer to reach the Eastern market at a fair margin of profit. This new era led to a rapid increase of mills, and in January, 1893, there were twenty-six mills, and eight more mills under construction, which will make the daily output of the mills of the county over 2,800,000, bringing into the county the sum of about \$5,000 daily; showing a wonderful increase in the demand East for our superior, everlasting red cedar shingles.

The rapid increase in the demand brought with it trials and tribulations to the manufacturers, for the commission men and jobbers were inclined to charge excessive commissions, and

in various ways bear down the price and hamper the manufacturer in disposing of his product. This feeling led to the organization of the Oregon and Washington State Shingle Association in December, 1891, whose object was to protect and promote the interests of the manufacturer; to advance the grade and obtain the best uniform prices for all mills. To this association were admitted the Pacific Coast commission men, and by a combined effort much permanent good has been accomplished and manufacturers have realized the advantages of the State organization; and at the present time more than ninety per cent of the mills in the State belong to this parent association. While all realized the benefit of this association, the large membership became somewhat cumbersome by individual representation, and this led to the organization of county auxiliary associations, the first being formed in Whatcom County. Skagit County was the next to follow suit, by the call of P. A. Woolley for a meeting of Skagit County shingle men at Woolley, January 13th, 1893, when the Skagit County Shingle Association was organized and Col. P. A. Woolley elected president; A. E. Flagg, of Avon, vice president, and G. E. Brand, of Fairhaven, secretary and treasurer. The membership now comprises eighteen mills, and most of the other mills in the county will unite at the next monthly meeting. The objects of this county association are to work in harmony with the rules of the State association; to see that prices are maintained, and that none but standard, first-class shingles are placed by the mills in the market; to advertise the red cedar shingles throughout the Eastern States, and sell through the county association's agent direct, as far as practicable, to the wholesale and retail dealer. For this purpose J. S. Mundy, of Fairhaven, was employed and has opened a general office at Kansas City, Mo., and the prospect for an active market in the near future is good; but the margin of profit to the manufacturers at the present price of \$1.75 for standard six-to-two, sixteen-inch shingles is small. The timber now accessible to railroads, rivers and bays is being rapidly cut away, the price of stumpage is steadily increasing, and the price of shingles must correspondingly increase, for they are not now bringing a price adequate to their real value. The life of the cedar shingle lasts until it wears out by the action of the elements. It never decays, and gives, as has been previously stated, forty-five years of good service.

Mt. Vernon, Wash.

GEO. E. BRAND.

THE WHATCOM COUNTY SHINGLE ASSOCIATION.

The pioneer settler of the Puget Sound Country, with axe and draw-shave, made from the cedar trees that grew in abundance and perfection in the adjacent forest, a covering for his cabin home. The advent of steamboat and railroad, bringing their commerce to the shores of Puget Sound, stimulating the upbuilding of cities and villages, erected a necessity for a more speedy and economical manner of producing the shingle required for covering and ornamenting the modern homes that were springing up like magic on every hand.

This increased demand for cedar shingles resulted in the erection of mills for their manufacture. One mill followed another in rapid succession, until the supply of shingles far exceeded the local demand and the enterprising manufacturers were forced to seek an outlet for their surplus stock. Notwithstanding the superior quality of their product, they soon realized that the task of introducing it into new and conservative markets was greater than they could accomplish singly. They found the necessity of organization, in order that they might accom-

plish this much-desired result, and out of their necessity grew the Consolidated Shingle Co., the first shingle manufacturers' organization established on the Pacific Coast. This pioneer organization existed through several seasons, and, having accomplished its mission—namely, the introduction of Washington cedar shingles into the markets of the Middle and Eastern States, was allowed to pass out of active operation.

After a season of individual effort on the part of the manufacturers, in the way of maintaining and extending the markets opened up for the red cedar shingles by the Consolidated Shingle Co., they found that to compete in these markets and to profitably extend them without organized and united effort was a thing altogether impracticable, if not quite impossible. They found that Eastern manufacturers and dealers were systematically taking advantage of their lack of organization to beat down the price and demoralize the cedar shingle business of the Pacific Coast.

This state of affairs was not long to be tolerated by the energetic hustlers of Puget Sound. They saw the necessity of united effort, and in the spring of 1892, at a meeting called in Seattle for that purpose, they organized the Shingle Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association of Washington and Oregon. This association has been of inestimable value to all parties interested in the shingle business. Its officers and members have exerted themselves continuously since its organization to maintain a uniform scale of prices for the various classes and qualities of shingles produced by them, and up to the present time their efforts have met with gratifying success. The rapid increase in the number of mills during the year just passed and the large area of territory over which these mills are scattered, embracing, as it does, the timber belt of Western Oregon and the whole Puget Sound district, threatened the permanency of the organization, principally on account of the diversity of interests to be harmonized. At one general assembly where each member acted as lawyer and judge, Whatcom County took the initiative in what I believe to be the solution of the whole problem—namely, a local organization covering a limited amount of territory. The Whatcom County Shingle Manufacturers' Association was the first purely local organization formed in either of the cedar shingle-producing States, Washington and Oregon. Its first object was co-operation with



D. H. DECAN, SECRETARY WHATCOM COUNTY SHINGLE ASSOCIATION.

the parent organization in maintaining uniform and reasonable prices for the product of the factories of its members. Through its delegates it, in common with all other local organizations, is represented and takes part in the deliberations of the general assembly. By this plan each locality has its proper representation in the monthly meetings of the State association, and the latter institution is prevented from becoming unwieldy and cumbersome by reason of numbers. At each regular monthly meeting of the Whatcom County association an inspector is appointed for the ensuing month to inspect the shingles at the various mills and see that the standard grades are kept up. No compensation is received for this service, and the members are expected to take their turns at the duty.

GEORGE A. COOPER.

New Whatcom.

MONTANA WEATHER.

In glancing over our Eastern exchanges, we note with a smile what they have to say about the severity of our Northwestern climate, remarks the Bitter Root Times. We read in them of points where the mercury has tumbled down to thirty, forty and even fifty degrees below zero this winter. This is an exaggeration. The lowest point reached by mercury thus far in Montana has been about twenty-six degrees below zero, and that at an altitude of about 800 feet, and then only for a short period. This amounts to nothing, compared with fifteen degrees below in the low altitude of the East. The accounts given in the Eastern papers are the extremes exaggerated, and the people are by them led to believe that the whole State has an Arctic climate. The fact of the matter is that we have an equable climate, and less suffering is experienced in Montana than in the Middle States. In the Bitter Root Valley, the best agricultural valley in the State, the whole month of January, up to the 25th, was so mild that all kinds of farm labor, even to plowing, could be performed, and the lowest point reached by mercury this winter has been but eight below. Think of stock wintering in the hills, without shelter, and coming out in the spring in good order. Many people live comfortably in houses here which would freeze a man to death in the moist climate of the East.

AN ESQUIMAU TOY.

Mr. James H. Wardell of Fort Wrangel, Alaska, who passed through Victoria a short time ago, is authority for the following, says the Colonist: "The natives of Alaska may not suffer from a surfeit of civilization, but there are some hinges in which they excel; notably in the way of children's toys. Every baby in Fort Wrangel has a plaything that would be the envy and admiration of any child in America. It is an odd and curious contrivance, rather a mixture of a jumping-jack and a rattle. It is made of a piece of ivory or walrus tooth. It is about six inches long and about one inch in diameter. A hole is bored in it from one end only. In this there is a rod with a crown-shaped top surmounted by a small rubber ball. At the bottom of the rod is a stout, though small, leather string, which passes through a hole in the side of the hollow walrus tooth. When the child pulls the string the rod, crown and ball jump nearly out of the tooth. The length of the string prevents its leaving the piece entirely. Then, when the string is loosened they clatter down with a rattling sound and strike the bottom with a clug that fills the heart of the budding Esquimau with glee. It is a very funny design for a rattle, and there is nothing like it in America. It is simple, but popular; and the man who first struck the idea is getting rich, although his scheme is not patented."

WANTED—AN EASY POSITION.

A young man, whose father cut our grass last summer and wounded two lovely rose bushes with a dull sickle, writes me that he would like to obtain a position where the work is light and the hours not too long. He assures me that if I will assist him he will be under obligations.

That's the way I like to hear a young man talk. He seems to know that his capacity is limited and that his strength won't hold out. Very properly he wants things to give. Such young men never disappoint anyone. They put you on your guard at once. If you expect much from them, it is your own fault.

I shall comply with the youth's request, if I can, for if there is anything I love better than my country, it is getting positions and stuffing them full of young men.

Now, I myself, occupy a good position in society. The work is very light, and some of the hours very small,—especially those kissed by the rosy dawn; but I fear me, the young person would not like to turn his back on his father and Goose Hollow to enter such a position.

While his request opens up his character so that we can all get a full view of the entrails, there is a vagueness about it which will keep me home a few weeks thinking about what is best to be done.

I wish he had said just how long he wanted the hours. If he had cut the grass himself and charged by the hour, I might get at it. I don't know whether he wants them thirty, forty or fifty seconds long. I know he doesn't want them on train, but that isn't satisfactory. It would have been well, too, if he had been more specific about light work.

There are many varieties of light work. I have seen work so light that a tired sigh would blow away. Then I have seen the incandescent light work. I can't tell whether he would enjoy a job in the gas works or not. Changing the carbons on an arc light or two each day might be pleasing to him. Counting cash for a man who doesn't believe in advertising might strike his fancy. Running a newspaper, perhaps, might relieve his ennui. Waiting on a boarding house table or on a street corner might fill his desire for labor.

I want to get the young man a good position, where there will be plenty of room, so he can move without feeling cramped. It ought to be an easy position, not too recumbent, but one in which he could lie down and die if he got tired moving his breath in and out. A position of trust, where they don't give credit or sell on tie might do. He might prefer an upright position, with a counter in front, to rest his hands upon when they got weary of his pockets. Perhaps serving frothy soda water would be light enough. A position as doorkeeper in a receiving vault might meet his tastes.

I don't know.

I think he is ambitious and anxious to rise in the world, when he gets too much sitting down. He might be pleased to personally conduct a blast when it goes off without notice. Perhaps if I could get him a good position on some railroad—right across the track say, it would do until the coroner arrived, and then, if I worked it right, he might get an easy position in the morgue, or stay where he is. In either case he wouldn't have much to do after he once got fixed.

His tastes may run to the dramatic, and possibly as scene shifter on the Columbia River would make him happy. That reminds me, that occasionally there is a very fine opening for a young man on the Morrison Street bridge, which he might get into when the draw swings around. If I thought he was musical, I might get him a place in a church choir, to keep the wind out of

the organ bellows. If he likes traveling, I wonder how a nice berth in a Pullman would suit? But he might not like to travel. Travel gets pretty heavy on some of the roads. He wants something light. There are so many young men who don't know what they want, that I always take to those who do. But I only know this one through his father. His parent cut our grass with his sickle and shampooed our lawn with his feet, while the young man sat on the fence and drew the flies off his father. The flies seemed to prefer the young man, and accompanied him homeward. I don't think they were on him while he was writing me. He had a good position on our fence while his father was abbreviating the grass, and we thanked him when he got off. Perchance it was as good a thing as he ever got off.

In the drama of life, I think the young man makes a good appearance, but from what his father said to him in my presence and our front yard, I judge he doesn't appear in the first act. He doesn't appear in the wood scenes, I know, especially the winter wood scenes. He makes a strong appearance in the banquet hall scene and never misses a cue. He is well reared, and built in proportion. You can see at the first glance that he lives well—lives on the very best and his parents.

I think if he got a good position, he wouldn't change it, unless it was automatic or worked with a slot. He would leave it just as he found it. It wouldn't show many signs of wear, and I believe you could get another young man to fill it without repairs, aside from upholstering a little.

Some young men get too big for their position. He wouldn't. If he couldn't fill it with ability, he'd try to fill it with time. He'd try to hold on until some one came along who could at least rattle around in it. Yet, you can't always tell. I have seen a mouse not over two inches from stem to tail fill a large room full of ladies—with dismay. I have seen mice of the dimensions named raise more disturbance, hullabaloo and dry goods in a minute than you could put down in an hour.

Now I want to get a position for this young man. If any of my friends can find one and will kindly send it up C. O. D., or, as usual, five per cent off, I'll see that the young man gets it. He may not be able to fill it in a day or an hour. He should be given at least a month. If he doesn't fill it in that time there's a leak in it somewhere. You see, he uses small sized hours and it will take him longer.

If I succeed in this case, I will then be ready to assist the young man who is willing to exert his moral influence and example in a household, in return for room, board, washing and the social palaver of the hired girl.

I give fair warning, however, that this case, like the first, is one in which too much should not be expected. He may be an orphan, with nothing to put up against your board but his moral influence. Any one who would expect a cent out of a young man whose parents deceased, leaving him a few second-hand examples and some righteous indignation, ought to suffer the consequences.

In making the dicker with this second young man the head of the house, whether it be husband or wife, should fix the *quid pro quo*, mark all the silver and chain the dog, if he is worth stealing. A copper-riveted prayer gauge of your own selection should be attached to the young man the moment Mary Ann rings the breakfast bell and says, "All set!" A young man who is willing to barter his moral influence for the interior wherewithal should use good English, and not lacerate the ear of Providence with tautology or bad grammar. He should be a thorough linguist, so that if he asks a blessing upon any particular dish he won't give a Missourian

pronunciation to it when he grapples with the French.

If you have a household pet in the shape of daughters just emerging from their teens and brief frocks, and about to vault into the vortex of society, do not permit the sanctity of morning prayer to be tarnished by too much familiarity with their names on the part of the young man. There can be no need of his speaking to the Lord about "Nellie" and "Kate." The two Misses Scarborough will be just as easily understood above, especially if they have been christened—when young. If your son is a chump or a dafodil, the moral young man need not be too fresh in posting the Lord upon your boy's shortcomings or latest sayings. He who noteth the fall of a sparrow does not lose sight of your bird.

Nor must you allow the moral exorter to betoo personal. If you do this and anything should happen, such as the mysterious disappearance of your daughter the same week that he visits his grandmother's tomb, your belief in a personal devil will be revived. At night I wouldn't expect much from him, aside from keeping his mouth shut while you're advising Nellie as to her tennis suit. If just before retiring, and while around the family altar, he wants to refer to you all as worms of the earth, but asks that you may be spared to crawl some more next day, let him. He doesn't feel very well. Standing behind a drug counter selling spts. fermenti and juniper extracts done up in alcohol, is torture to a young man addicted to setting examples when he doesn't know the first principles of setting a hen.

There are several others who want positions, or situations or places; but few seem to want work. I offered one of these seekers a situation every whit as good at that which Portland occupies, but on his arrival at the East Side he saw a sign or two, such as "Willamette Iron Works," "Soap Works," and he stood in awe. As he was crossing the bridge he saw "Brass Works." That settled it, and he took the next train back.

RABELAIS.

Portland, Oregon.

THE PROSPECTOR AND HIS OUTFIT.

The regular prospector, as a rule, has at some time of his chequered career had some actual experience in the mines themselves, from which he has learned by observation, the appearance of different ores, their different values, how the veins appear on the surface, how to open a vein, and the uses of pick, shovel, and blasting powder. In a word, he is a miner who has become too restless to stick to steady work, and so follows the more uncertain and precarious livelihood of seeking for new and undiscovered veins, many of which even in an old mining district may yet be discovered covered up by brush or debris, whilst a new district offers a most enticing field. These mineral veins or ledges, if he can only find them, may make him in a moment a comparatively rich man, and if he finds them, they will cost him nothing, only a simple compliance with the unexpensive regulations of the law. So the life of a prospector offers many attractions to one who is restless and loves to roam and loves to find something new and is not afraid of considerable hardship. To save a vast amount of time and labor, he should acquire knowledge. Thus, for instance, if he were prospecting for coal he would be wasting his time in hunting for it in granite, or if he were hunting for the precious metals, he would lose time in looking for them among the unaltered sedimentary strata of the prairie. This is merely for example, but an infinite variety of knowledge is necessary for him in his vocation, besides even that of the simpler elements of geology, such as the knowledge of different kinds of minerals, and their value, the

kind of places and peculiar rocks they are associated with, their appearance on the surface, etc., etc., together with some knowledge of assaying or blowpiping or panning.

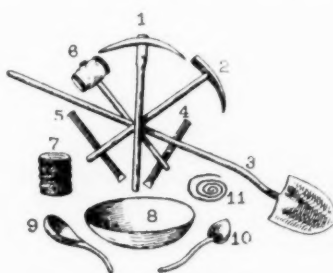
In a newly discovered camp, men will rush in for a few weeks, work a little in the different mines, sufficient to give them an idea of the kind of ores and rocks and other circumstances in the locality, and then will strike out on their own account and prospect around the camp for new veins or extensions of those already discovered. An extension, by the way, of a very rich discovered lode is not always to be relied on. Nature



A PROSPECTOR AND HIS OUTFIT.

seems often to concentrate her riches at one point, and leave the extension barren, as in the case of the Comstock of Nevada. But little wealth has been found outside of the great lode and mine itself.

The best education is in the mines themselves; so a novice on arriving at a mining region had better spend as much time as possible in practical work, in and around the various mines, before he launches out prospecting. A prospector can rarely carry about much assaying or other apparatus with him for determining the character or value of ores he may find, and hence it is well for him to accustom himself to these ores in the mines themselves. Also he should acquaint himself with the peculiar ores of each particular district, before he attempts to prospect in its



A PROSPECTOR'S TOOLS.

1, 2. Picks. 3. Long handled shovel. 4, 5. Drills. 6. Heavy hammer. 7. Blasting powder. 8. Pan. 9. Horn spoon. 10. Iron spoon. 11. Fuse.

vicinity, for an ore such as coarse grained galena in one district may be generally rich, whilst in another it is remarkably poor in silver.

The best previous education for a prospector would be a course at a school of mines, where he will learn the elements of geology, mineralogy, assaying, etc. And next to that, practical work in the mines themselves, and lastly the prospecting field. A little knowledge of blowpiping may also help him, which he may acquire at his school.

Having left his school he should learn the practical use of the pick, drill and blasting powder. By working around a concentrator he will

learn the difference between ore and gangue rock, and "picking" or "sorting" ores will teach him at sight the values of ores. The prospector should know how to open his vein or ledge when he finds it, with pick, shovel, and blasting apparatus. A little carpentry will teach him how to make a handwinch, and a few lessons in blacksmithing will teach him how to sharpen and temper his tools, for there will probably be no blacksmith's shop or carpenter's either, within miles of where he may go. Other prospectors will teach him how to use his pan or iron spoon for testing ores, and various other dodges and makeshifts. An important point is to learn how to average approximately the quantity of ore in, and value of, a ledge when he has found one. Valuable ore on a ledge lies in pockets, strays and bunches irregularly distributed through the quartz or other material of the vein; he should learn to tell at sight the relative proportion of ore and gangue. He would do well to study the result of working ores in a mill or furnace, such as trying to estimate the yield of button of the ores which are mined, taking them in weekly or monthly lots. With some such preliminary knowledge he is ready for the field.

The following list of necessities by Mr. A. Balch in his "Treatise on Mining" is as full as can be given by any one:

Two pairs of heavy blankets weighing about eight pounds each. A buffalo robe or a blanket-lined poncho. Suit of strong gray woolen clothes, pair of brown jean trousers, a change of woolen underclothing; woolen socks, pair of heavy boots, soft felt hat, three or four large colored handkerchiefs, a pair of buckskin gauntlets, toilet articles, etc. All should go into a strong canvas bag. A breech-loading rifle or shot gun and a revolver. Around his waist a strong fash to carry his holster and knife, in a sheath. His ammunition, if his revolver is large bore, may conveniently fit both his rifle and revolver. Pipe and tobacco. A sure-footed native or mountain pony. A Mexican saddle with its saddle horn, straps, etc., to tie on various things, such as his pack, bags, water canteen, etc. The left stirrup may be fitted with a leather tube, in which the rifle barrel may be placed. A strap around the saddle horn will secure the gun stock. The long lariat or stake rope for tethering his horse should be coiled up and tied by a strap to the saddle horn.

For prospecting, a poll pick and prospecting pan made of iron or a horn spoon should be carried. The pan is also useful besides for washing out sand, as a dish or bathing vessel. A large iron spoon for melting certain metals is likewise to be carried, and in some cases a small portable Battersea assaying furnace. A frying pan eight inches diameter of wrought iron, a coffee pot, tin cup, spoon, and fork, and matches in tin box, pocket compass, a spy glass, or pair of field glasses; bacon, flour, beans, coffee or tea, pepper, salt, and box of yeast powder, all packed in strong bags, to go into a canvas sack. A few lessons in the kitchen on cooking will be advantageous before starting.

Packing the bronco.—Place a folded blanket on the horse's back; on this lay the saddle. The saddle bags contain small things. The bags with provisions are placed behind the cantle of the saddle; on top of this the bag of clothing. The pick goes on top tied by a thong. Coffee pot and frying pan are lashed on the bags. Sometimes a prospector takes a horse to ride on and another as a pack animal, or a donkey only. For grass and water for his horse, he must trust to the country. He will fix his temporary camp in some suitable location where these are to be found, and thence, as from headquarters, prospect daily the adjacent country, returning nightly, it may be, to his camp.—Prof. Arthur Lakes, in *Colliery Engineer*.



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E. V. SMALLEY, — EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE,
ST. PAUL, MINN.

ST. PAUL, MARCH, 1893.

MAKING MONEY ON MINNESOTA FARMS.

Gen. C. C. Andrews, of St. Paul, who was formerly minister to Sweden and Norway, has just issued at his own expense a little pamphlet entitled, "Some Minnesota Farmers who are Making Money." It is made up for the most part of summaries of forty-four letters received from so many farmers living in twenty-four different counties, and giving the results of their experience in farming. The object Gen. Andrews has in view in printing this document is the public-spirited one of showing that agriculture in Minnesota is capable of a much larger development than it has actually attained and that men who farm intelligently are doing well and are able to lay by some money every year. It is instructive to note that all these money-making farmers practice a rotation of crops; that they manure and maintain the fertility of the soil, and that as a rule their average yield of wheat is twenty bushels to the acre, whereas the average yield for the entire State for the ten years prior to 1880 was only twelve and a half bushels. These prosperous farmers raise oats, corn, barley, rye and clover as well as wheat; they have a few milch cows and make butter; they have steers growing up for the market, and they raise hogs and keep poultry. In other words, they practice mixed farming and do not depend on any one crop. In a concluding paragraph Gen. Andrews says: "To show what a great future and what possibilities the agriculture of Minnesota has, we need only cite the estimate of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, namely, that of every 1,000 acres of land in our State only sixty-one acres are under cultivation in wheat, fourteen acres in corn and thirty acres in oats. The report of the Commissioner of the U. S. General Land Office shows that the area of land in Minnesota comprises 53,459,840 acres that 2,767,971 acres of surveyed public land remain undisposed of; and that 9,000,000 acres remain unsurveyed.

The different railroad companies still hold in Minnesota 3,000,000 acres of surveyed but unimproved land, and several million acres of land yet unimproved are held by private parties. It is true that part of the land is pine forest, yet one can see from these few figures that Minnesota contains undeveloped agricultural resources of very great extent and value. My idea is that if our State would take pains to annually obtain and diffuse information showing the method practiced by our successful and money making farmers, it would not only contribute very much to the increased productiveness of the 6,000,000 acres now under cultivation but would help to draw immigrants of skill and capital from the older States to occupy and develop our uncultivated lands. I do not intend to disparage the means that are being used to promote our agriculture. But the field is vast and there is room for additional work. Any one acquainted with the excellent agricultural reports which the States of Maine, Vermont, Connecticut and Massachusetts and some other States have for many years issued (Massachusetts has issued such reports for forty years) and watched the progress of agriculture in those States, knows that Minnesota is much behind in such matters. I am confident if the plan I suggest were carried into effect it would add much to the wealth and prosperity of our State."

GOOD SENSE ABOUT RAILWAYS.

At a banquet of the Grand Rapids Division of the Railway Clerks' Association, which took place lately in Grand Rapids, Mich., a little speech was made by George DeHaven, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago and West Michigan road, which contained a great deal of boiled-down good sense on legislation and public opinion concerning the railroads of the country. Mr. DeHaven told his hearers that there are 25,000 railway clerks in Michigan laboring at 1,500 stations along 7,000 miles of road and that they could if they tried do much in the way of counteracting the efforts of the demagogues to plant in the minds of the masses of the people erroneous notions concerning the business end of the railroad and its true relations to the commonwealth. The general proposition of the demagogue, he went on to say, is that he will benefit the people by something which he will forcibly file from the railroads, and the hearing, applause and remuneration which he secures are possible because the people misunderstand the railroad to be something apart from and antagonistic to themselves. Now the demagogue doesn't offer to secure to the people cheaper shoes by laws forcibly lowering the prices of the manufacturers. His hearers would see at once the element of wrong in such a scheme, and they know that they would injure the community at large by the enforcement of such laws, because it is for the interest of the community that all of its members should receive fair remuneration and should prosper. If the truth could only be made clear that the railroad is a fellow citizen, and the biggest, kindest and most bountiful of them all, the professional anti-railroad agitator would be out of an engagement.

No one really believes, Mr. De Haven went on to say, that the railroad is, or should be, operated on any other principle than that which any company or individual carries on any other kind of business. Yet, there is, somehow or other, a feeling abroad that it is not a serious wrong to be dishonest in dealing with the railroad, even to enacting and enforcing laws that, if suggested for application against individuals or ordinary firms, would condemn the advocate and his measures at once, on account of their unconstitutionality. This feeling is fostered among the unthinking by the demagogue, who finds in this encouraging work for his peculiar talents. His

constant effort is to promote the belief that, in order to secure the very best results from the operation of the railroad, individuals must take every means to weaken its pecuniary condition, to the end that the great artery of our commercial existence cannot possibly be otherwise than a curse to the communities through which it courses, unless it is always kept in a condition of prostration boarding on utter collapse.

The railroad is the people. The State and the city can no more exist without the railroad than a human being can separate his soul from his body and saw wood. The railroad is as necessary a factor in the working of the farm as the sun's quickening warmth and the gentle rains of heaven. It is a monstrous delusion that the railroad is a foe to its own creations; that it is a destroyer and depressor of that without which it cannot exist. It can only prosper by the prosperity of the business interests which it serves. The railroads cannot get along without the people. It is folly to assume that the interests of the people are advanced by cutting down the earning power of the railroad so that it can pay only the most meager salaries and must operate with a poor equipment and a roadbed that combines discomfort with danger and give its stockholders a great big nothing for a dividend.

We have taken a sentence here and there from Mr. De Haven's speech, as reported in a Grand Rapids newspaper. Here is a paragraph which should be read without condensation:

"There is one great bugbear that bothers many of us, and that is, the fear of oppression of aggregations of capital; of the imposition of high prices by trusts, etc. I think there is nothing more groundless than this. It is true that great aggregations of capital are more and more necessary to conduct profitably the business of to-day. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is true that no aggregation of wealth can possibly be so great in any one enterprise as to form a monopoly, that if profitable beyond a reasonable return, is proof against the invasion of competitive investment. This means, that capital is not only the ally of labor because it must have labor to produce, but it is also labor's protection against capital, from necessity brought about by the fact that it competes with itself. This fact is usually overlooked by the unthinking. Capital has to work for a living, and in its struggle to get a job it has to compete with other fellows of its class; and which keeps its wages down, just the same as you and I are taking salaries, not on the basis of a comparison of our great special abilities, patented and estimated by ourselves and compared with nothing, but rather as compared with superior fitness and attainments in others that makes us hustle to get a hearing. As to the monopoly feature of the demagogue's outfit, there is no such thing possible in any business, except that held for a term of years by a patent. The laws of trade, competition, etc., force prices down to the minimum. If a railroad in this State were to discover some new scheme by which its profits would become extraordinary, capital, pining for opportunity to make a living, would rush in an other line, instantaneously."

TWO TRANSCONTINENTAL ROADS.

The approaching completion of the Great Northern Railroad as a through line to the Pacific Coast leads to a good deal of speculation in the newspapers of the Northwest as to the probable results of its competition with its nearest rival, the Northern Pacific. It is assumed by some writers that the new road is going to force a heavy reduction in through rates; and this assumption rests on the fact that the new road has been built, for the most part, in a time when labor and material could be had at much lower rates than ruled ten or fifteen years ago, and that in consequence the Great Northern repre-

sents a lower capitalization per mile than does the old line with which it is about to enter into a struggle for business to and from Puget Sound. This difference of cost has been much exaggerated; still, it exists and is a factor of some importance in the amount of money the new line must earn to meet its fixed charges. A good authority on railway statistics recently figured that the Northern Pacific must meet interest on an indebtedness of \$36,000 per mile, and the Great Northern on one of \$29,000. The significance of this difference is very much lessened, however, when the fact is considered that the Great Northern's Pacific extension, from its point of divergence in Northern Montana from its old line to Great Falls, is without terminals and shops and that a great deal of money must still be spent upon it to put it in condition for business. Not only must expensive terminal improvements be constructed at Spokane, Seattle, Everett and Fairhaven, but the road must go on to Tacoma and Portland, if it is to enter the field for general North Pacific Coast traffic on nearly equal terms with its powerful and long-established predecessor in that field. Then there must be shops and side-tracks built, and along the entire length of the new line money must be spent for several years in putting the road in efficient condition. A railroad is by no means completed when the first through trains run over it. Mr. Hill will no doubt have to spend ten millions more before he gets a first-class road to the Sound, his big tunnel through the mountains completed, and all the necessary shops, stations, sidings and equipment provided.

Another point must not be overlooked. The value of a road is determined by its earning capacity and not its original cost of construction. Mr. Hill's road runs for about fifteen hundred miles through a wild, new country. Between Devil's Lake in North Dakota and Everett, on Puget Sound, it touches only three points that are at all important as freight producers. The first of these is Kalispel, in the Flathead Valley. In that valley there are three or four thousand people. At the Kootenai River considerable business is done by steamboat connection with the new Slocan silver-mining district, in British Columbia. The third point is the growing commercial and manufacturing city of Spokane. West of Spokane the Great Northern runs through ten or fifteen miles of wheat country and then strikes into the arid belt on its way down to the Columbia. Crossing that river it follows up the narrow valley of the Wenatchie, which is hardly one farm wide, on the average, to the Cascade Mountains; and once across the mountains it runs through a wilderness to the Sound.

Any one who is at all familiar with the history of railroads across the American continent will agree with us in the opinion that the real financial problems of the Great Northern will remain to be surmounted after construction accounts and loans are closed on its Pacific extension and that its able chief executive will then be addressing his energies to the building up of local traffic to sustain his long, new line rather than to the cutting of rates on the through business that he must in any case share with three other roads—the Northern, the Canadian and the Union Pacific. Those roads will get their shares of the business, no matter what the rates may be; and even if this were not the case the entire traffic between the East and the Sound would not go far towards paying the interest on the bonds of the Great Northern's new line. The experience of the Northern Pacific shows that the earnings from through business are only about fourteen per cent of the gross earnings, and the new road cannot reasonably expect for many years to come to get anything near the amount of Sound business which the N. P. now handles.



SIGN on a lodging house in Snohomish, Washington: "Bunk House; Lodgings Fifteen Cents." This is modest and truthful. Such an establishment in the West is usually called the "Grand Central Hotel."

WILL the new forty-cent rate on lumber be the means of putting a large amount of Washington fir into our Eastern markets? That is for time to tell. I don't see how the railroads can make any money hauling a loaded car from Puget Sound to St. Paul for \$96, but that is their business. The lumbermen have secured the low rate and the results will be watched with interest.

A **TELEGRAPH** operator at Sedro, in the Evergreen State, who has grown very tired of answering foolish questions, has posted the following, written on a type-writer, just outside of his office window: "Notice.—Yes, your message will go at once. It will be sent immediately. In fact we send all messages as soon as we can. We know you wish your telegram sent at once, otherwise you would write. Special Notice.—The Supreme Being only can inform you when you will receive a reply."

I NOTE a satisfactory progress in Tacoma during the past year. The new buildings of the Chamber of Commerce and the City Hall are noble edifices. A number of creditable business blocks have been put up and home-building still goes on. The big palatial hotel of the Tacoma Land Company begins to rear its walls on the highest point of the bluff overlooking the bay and Sound. Manufacturing enterprises of many kinds are flourishing. The town is solid and is going ahead—not at a galloping, breathless, speculative pace, but soberly and steadily.

IN Tacoma lives a shrewd old lawyer named Grattan, who has a dry humor. He has lately been engaged in defending the theaters against attacks on them from the ultra-religious element in the city which attempts to force them to close on Sunday nights. At the same time he is a strong opponent of gambling. A delegation of preachers called on him not long ago to labor with him on the theater question. One of the ministers, after a long argument, remarked that he was surprised at the inconsistency of the lawyer in attacking the gambling houses, while at the same time defending the Sunday plays. Grattan replied: "I know that you clergymen run both heaven and hell; now, why can't you let me run a little corner of the earth?"

THE station agent at Garrison, Montana, tells of receiving a telegram from some rancher down Deer Lodge Valley which read: "Reserve me one upper berth on the tourist sleeper going east." He thought this rather odd, for he had never known of any traveler telegraphing for an upper berth. When the train from Deer Lodge came in he saw a man making great speed along the platform, grip in hand. "Did you get my telegram?" said the man, out of breath. "Did you reserve an upper berth?" "No; there's always plenty of room in tourist sleepers going east. You can just as well have a lower berth." "But I don't want a lower berth." "Why

not? I never heard of a man wanting an upper berth when he could get a lower one." "Now, look here, mister, I know what I'm about. I went East last year in a tourist sleeper and had a lower berth. There was a fellow in the upper berth above me who chewed tobacco and, dern me, if he didn't spit all over me!"

I WAS indebted for many welcome courtesies, while in the Puget Sound Country, to my old war comrade, P. P. Shelby, now assistant general manager of the Great Northern road. Shelby was a smooth-faced boy of seventeen when we tramped the Valley of Virginia together, in rain and mud. He had pluck and enthusiasm and I remember well his bravery on the June day in the wheat fields of Port Republic, when, with two brigades of Ohio and Indiana troops, we stood off the whole of Stonewall Jackson's army that had whipped Fremont at Cross Keys the day before. Those were tough times, but we would willingly live them over again if we could be boys once more and could feel the inspiring ardor of patriotism that then filled our breasts. Would we not, old comrade?

AT the capital of one of our Northwestern States an obstinate contest lately took place over the election of a United States senator. One of the parties in the legislature was divided into two sections. The candidate of one faction was a nervous man who worried constantly over the uncertainties, the personalities and the expense of the long struggle. The leader of the other faction was a burly Irishman, who loved a fight and grew fat on it. The nervous man lost flesh from day to day and his antagonist gained in weight. The odd thing about the affair was, at the end of a month one had parted with ten pounds of his tissue and the other had added exactly that amount to his avoirdupois. It seemed as if, in some occult way, the Irishman was steadily abstracting flesh from his opponent and converting it to his own use.

THE new Slocan silver district in British Columbia promises to create an excitement before summer that will compare with the old Leadville boom. The mines are wonderfully rich—richer, it is said, than any discovered since those at White Pine, in Nevada, which were long ago worked out and abandoned. They lie between the Columbia and Kootenai Lake and are about twenty miles from the lake, in a mountainous region. Kaslo, the town on the lake, will no doubt have four or five thousand people by July, and a railroad will be built from that point up to the mines. Most of the prospectors and mine-owners now on the ground are Americans and most of the mining machinery and supplies come from Spokane and pay the high duties of the Canadian tariff. It costs \$55 a ton to get the ore to the Tacoma smelter, and \$40 of this amount is paid for hauling it down from the mines to Kaslo.

A QUEER thing happened one day last month on a boat which ferries trains across the Columbia River, between the Washington and Oregon shores. A locomotive committed suicide by jumping into the river of its own accord, when the engineer and fireman were eating dinner in the cabin of the boat. Nobody saw the occurrence, but when the train men came out of the cabin, as the boat was nearing the Oregon side, the locomotive was gone. In some mysterious way, if they are to be believed, it uncoupled itself from the freight train and jumped overboard. Perhaps it was tired of work, had grown wheezy and asthmatic and took dismal views of existence. You know an engineer always personifies his machine. To him it seems to be alive. He will say, "She's not feeling well to-day;" or, "She's feeling fine and is getting down to her

work in great shape." Some engines he dislikes because they are cranky and unreliable; others he loves and pets. When he gets one of his favorites from the round-house he says, "Hello, old girl, we're going to have a bully run to-day." When approaching a heavy grade on the road he calls to his fireman, "Now give her all the coal she wants, Jim, and see her take that hill." "Ain't she a daisy!" he exclaims, proudly, as the huge machine goes panting up to the summit, dragging the long freight train at its heels.

SUMAS CITY lies snug against the British Columbia line in the State of Washington. It has a railroad to Seattle, a railroad to Whatcom and a branch of the Canadian Pacific connecting with the main line of that road at Mission, on the Frazer River. The Nooksack River runs past the town and brings logs down to the sawmill. Along the river bottoms are fertile farms. Here are all the conditions, one would say, for a smart and attractive town. Real estate speculation came in to spoil the place. After a good beginning had been made for the town—stores, hotels and dwellings built in a conveniently compact way, the speculator arrived and got in his deadly work. He platted another town a mile away and persuaded the officers of the first railroad reaching the place to put their depot there, dividing his lots with them, no doubt. Stores, dwellings and a school house were put up near the depot and the town was thus divided into two hostile ends, with a ragged thread of settlement connecting them. Much of the energy that should have gone to the development of the new town was expended in the jealousy and rivalry that this state of things naturally engendered. Thus Sumas was badly crippled at the start. Probably not less than ten years will be required for its recovery from the drawbacks and disabilities resulting from this division of its population and efforts.

THE most depressing sight I saw in a month of recent travel on the Pacific Coast was a dead city. I will not give its name or locality, for I do not want to add to the troubles of its few remaining inhabitants. At the height of its boom it had a population of seven thousand; now it has a scant two thousand, and these are holding on only because they hope that a railroad will do something for the place this year or next. The town is well built on the shores of a beautiful bay, but it has not a single wagon road leading back into the country. The forests hem it in on all the landward sides. It has not a single industry that I could discover to support population, save one sawmill. The people are literally living on each other. In the big hotel I sat down to an excellent dinner served by white-jacketed negro waiters, but there were only three guests besides myself. I walked about the lonesome streets and met nobody. I looked into the many stores and saw no customers. A daily paper appears regularly and trains and boats come and go, but there is no perceptible business transacted. The town was founded by a land company as a gigantic speculation and the company took in money enough from the sale of lots to accumulate a reserve fund from which the expenses of the hotel and newspaper are still paid. Perhaps the railroad company which is constantly invoked as a special providence will yet do something to revive the place. I hope so. In the meantime it offers a curious and striking study to the intelligent traveler who has watched the course of Western town-site booms.

ONE day last month I was admiring the symmetrical Greek architecture of the beautiful one-story building erected in Spokane for A. M. Cannon's bank, and seeing that the grey marble of the exterior walls evidently came from Vermont,

I asked Mr. Cannon why he did not use the marble which is known to lie in massive ledges on the banks of the Spokane River, a few miles below the city. "I suppose that question has been asked me a hundred times," he replied. "I was very desirous of using our home marble, and, before making my contracts, I went East and looked into the quarry business a little. I soon found that to open a quarry and work the stone requires a very large capital and that no small plant has any chance for success. The market for marble here on the Pacific Coast, to which we would be restricted in case we went into the business, is very limited. Even if we were sure that we had just as good marble as that quarried in Vermont it would not pay to put the capital into the business required for quarrying and for cutting and polishing the numerous shapes demanded by the trade." Mr. Cannon's answer, I reflected, would meet the impatient questions of many new people in the West who are constantly asking why capital is not put into establishment of one or another enterprise for which the raw materials exist in the country. Such people do not consider that the market is fully occupied by strong concerns in older communities and that to contend successfully with them a new competitor must have very decided advantages, among which must be reckoned plenty of skilled labor at moderate wages, low interest charges on capital and large markets near at hand to take the bulk of the production. The raw material is only one element in the problem.

A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

A private letter dated Feb. 24, from Mr. B. S. Russell, of Jamestown, North Dakota, a well-known dealer in farm lands, contains the following:

"Within the past few weeks more inquiries have come to me than is usual at this season as to prices of lands and locations, and those that have come by letter bear the impress of the inquiries being made by those who design making North Dakota their future home, and they appear in most cases to be in response to the advertisement in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE. The quantity of land plowed last fall, and the heavy fall of snow that has covered, not only the plowed ground, but the whole prairie, for three months, gives the very best warrant for a most satisfactory crop next summer. The entire absence of wind allowed the snow to 'pack' on the plowed ground during December and January, instead of blowing off and leaving the ground bare and consequently dry at seeding time. The appearances indicate abundance of moisture, not only in the surface soil, but also to be stored away in the subsoil, to be drawn upon in June and July when most needed."

NATURAL ATTRACTIONS OF PUGET SOUND.

Since the heavy snow of December on Puget Sound, which disappeared in a few days, we have enjoyed the most delightful winter weather imaginable, says the *Tacomanian*. While, with the exception of a few mornings fogs, it has been as clear and bracing as a New England winter, the mercury has rarely if ever fallen below twenty-five degrees. The mountain views of our two great ranges, and of Mounts Hood, St. Helens, Baker and Tacoma—all white Washington jewels—have been unobscured and resplendent. The waters of the Sound have maintained their summer placidity, baffling the science of the distant weather prophets whose business it is to warn the public of hurricanes, cyclones and blizzards, convulsions which seldom reach inland shores. The lawns are clad in full green, the roses are ready to blossom whenever the slightest temptation exists in a rise of temperature,

and building operations of all sorts are progressing. If provisions, wood and coal were a trifle cheaper, the tin pail brigade larger, and the real estate market active, Puget Sound would be the American paradise. But we shall get whatever good things are wanting, in time, for the natural attractions will bring to us all the blessings that men and money can command. Give us time.

RENEWED ACTIVITY AT BRAINERD.

In 1870 Brainerd was the pet town on the Northern Pacific road, the general headquarters and shops being located there, says the *Crookston Times*. But after the crash of 1873 and the temporary downfall of Duluth the company built a connecting line with St. Paul and Minneapolis, and for fifteen years the eastern terminus of the road was at the Twin Cities, the general office and shops having been removed to St. Paul. The past few years have, however, made Duluth what the people there in 1870 believed it would be within a year or two, and now the old line to the head of the lake is the main route and Brainerd is regaining its old vigor, there being some 200 more men now employed by the railroad company there than can find cover in the shops.

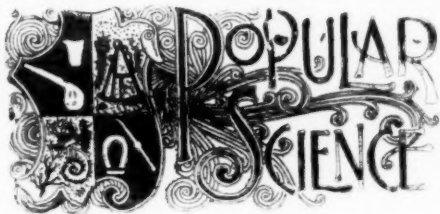
With the development of the mines in the Mesaba and Vermillion ranges, the erection of extensive mills in the great pine woods, and the building of new lines of railroad, Northern Minnesota is to take a stride forward the present year that will be a surprise to the whole Northwest.

OSOYOYOS LAKE.

Osooyos Lake, Colville Reservation, is a magnificent sheet of water, ten miles long and about two miles wide, says the *Spokane Review*. It was originally called Sooyos, the term signifying, in the Indian language, "narrow place." The story runs that a Government engineer of Irish lineage observed that several other geographical objects in that country bore Celtic characteristics, including "O'Kannigan," as he pronounced Okanogan—Omac Lake, etc. This led him to add the capital O, which permanently established the name of the lovely lake as Osooyos. It is densely populated with mountain trout. Its depth is unknown, but it has been sounded thirty fathoms without finding bottom. Omac Lake, lying between Wild Goose Bill's place on the Columbia and Alma on the Okanogan, is six miles long and one and one-half miles wide. It is strongly impregnated with alkali. Curlew Lake is a small body of pure water far up in the mountains and is "literally alive with fish," as prospectors state it.

CENTER OF THE CONTINENT.

It is discovered that Emporia, Kans., occupies the exact center of these United States of America. Minnesota has a spot, however, which goes Emporia one better on the central location business. Kandiyohi County—and is there a name in the language which has a more God-forsaken and back-woods sound than Kandiyohi County—which didn't get the capitol long ago in the early history of the State—this county is in the exact center of the great North American continent. To be more precise, the exact point establishing the claim of Kandiyohi County to this honor lies due southeast of the town of Wilmar and not very far from the town line. Kandiyohi County is exactly half way from the equator to the North pole, being transected by the 45th parallel of latitude. It is also cut by the 95th meridian of longitude, and is therefore, just in the center of the continent East and West. If these qualifications had been known sooner Kandiyohi County might now be the capital.—*Minneapolis Tribune*.



Deep Sea Fishes of the Pacific.

About 190 species of deep sea fishes have been obtained by the Albatross in the depths of the ocean on the continental slope of California. These creatures are, as a rule, very soft in body, almost black in color, and many of them covered with phosphorescent spots, by which they can see their way in the darkness. They live in the open sea, from two to five miles below the surface and their soft bodies at this depth are rendered firm by the tremendous pressure of the surrounding waters. In their native haunts the light and heat of the sun scarcely penetrate; the darkness is almost absolute, and the temperature of the water is at the point of freezing. The creatures living at these great depths are not, generally speaking, descended from the shore species of the same region; they constitute groups by themselves, and forms very similar are found in all parts of the ocean from the poles to the equator.

Antlers and Their Growth.

By the time a deer is five years old he should have what are called his "rights," that is, the *brow antler*, which is nearest the base of the horn or *burr*, the *bez* or *bay*, an inch or two higher up the *beam* or *upright* (main shaft of the horn), the *tray* or *tres* above that, and finally *two on top*, or two points on one of his antlers. This constitutes a stag of light points—a runnable or warrantable deer, who will, in another year, have two on top on both sides and become a stag of ten points. In Scotland when there are three on top on both sides the head is termed a Royal one, but I have never heard the term used in the West. Most of these words are derived from old French hunting terms, but the deer themselves are called by names which sound unmistakably English. In his first year a young male deer is a calf, at two years he is a "knobber," "knobbler" or "brochet," from his budding antlers, a hind at the same age being called a *hearst*. In the third year, he is a "spire" or *pricket*, the upright beam having formed, after which he becomes a "staggart," attaining to his full titles and dignities at the age of five.—*Countess of Malmesbury, in North American Review.*

A Substitute for Glass.

The substitute for glass brought to notice some time ago by a manufacturer in Vienna, Austria, observes a writer in the *New York Sun*, is pronounced a practicable thing, likely to be introduced as valuable for certain purposes. The article is produced by dissolving from four to eight parts of collodion wool in about 100 parts by weight of ether, or alcohol or acetic ether, and with this are intimately combined from two to four per cent of castor oil and four to ten per cent of resin or Canada balsam. The compound, when poured upon a glass plate and subjected to the drying action of a current of air about 50° cent solidifies in a comparatively short time into a transparent glass like sheet or plate, the thickness of which may be regulated as required. The sheet or plate so obtained has substantially the same properties as glass, resisting the action of salts and alkalies and of dilute acids, and like glass is transparent and has no smell. Again, it is said to be pliable or flexible and infrangible to a great degree, while its inflammability is much less than that of the collodion substitutes. Any

desired color may be imparted to the compound by admixture of the necessary pigment, the latter to be soluble in the solvent used in the preparation of the compound, if incorporated therewith; but color may be imparted by surface application, aniline dyes being employed, and thus the sheets may be used in lieu of stained glass.

Apples as Medicine.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fiber, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, lecithin of the brain and spinal cord.

It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood, that the old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this food for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also, the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters, which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles.

Some such an experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach rather than provoke it. Their vegetable sauces and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.—*Medical Age.*

The Process Man.

The process man is much less numerous than he used to be. Not many years ago every camp of low grade or refractory ores used to receive continual encouragement from the ingenious and engaging visiting individual who had a process cheap and simple by which all the silver and gold could be extracted from the discouraging ores at rates which left a profit to the owners. Now this person is seldom seen. He is in scarcely more favor than the divining rod man. The reason is simply because his record is one of almost uniform failure. Yet we cannot believe that the limit of human attainment in the methods of reducing the ores of the precious metals has yet been reached. Human knowledge, skill, ingenuity and perseverance must still have triumphs to win in that department of effort. They can with much confidence be relied upon to find ways to make profitable the working of ores so low in grade and so refractory as to be, with the existing methods, practically worthless. Some individual of the process men who are treated slightly and sneeringly as visionaries or cranks, is pretty sure some day to startle the mining world with a cheap and effective method of reduction which will accomplish all that shall be claimed for it. The limit of human achievement has not yet been reached in anything. Among inventors and scientific discoverers it is even difficult to distinguish between the charlatan and the genuine, between the crank and the genius.—*Deadwood Pioneer.*

Exteriorizing Sensibility.

It is wonderful what science is developing. The experiments recently made at the Charite Hospital in Paris on the "exteriorization" of the human body are so remarkable as to challenge special attention. A representative who

was allowed to be present reports that so complete was the exteriorization of the subject that Dr. Luys was able to transfer a woman's sensibility into a tumbler of water. The tumbler was then taken out of sight of the hypnotized person and the representative was invited to touch the water. As his hands came in contact with it the woman started as if in pain. This experiment was repeated several times, the requisite precaution being taken that the hypnotized subject should not see the contact between the hands and the water. The water retained the sensibility a considerable time. It is also stated that Dr. Luys was able to confirm the wonderful discovery made by Colonel Roche, administrator of the Ecole Polytechnique, who found that it was possible to transfer the sensibility of a hypnotized person to the negative of a photograph of the subject and that the subject not only felt, but showed signs of any mark made on the negative. For instance, if a scratch were drawn with a pin across the hand on the negative after the subject had been charged with sensibility the subject would give a cry of pain and a few instants later a mark similar to that made on the negative would be visible on the hand of the subject. These experiments are creating a great deal of interest in scientific circles in Paris.

The Value of Salt.

Sodium chloride, or common salt, is a necessity of animal life. Wild animals of the herbivorous class make regular excursions of many miles to "salt licks," or other places where it abounds.

The human body contains salt in large proportion. The blood tastes of it, and in greater or less quantities it is found in all the many fluids and juices manufactured by the various glands of the human body.

That its presence is not accidental but designed is shown by the study of some of the essential factors of the organism when deprived of it. Recent experiments have proved that the white corpuscle of the blood swells and bursts quickly in distilled water. Protoplasm is inactive, and the cilia, or fringe-like edges of certain cells, stop their motion when deprived of sodium chloride, while in a salt solution they remain active and intact.

It is stated that by the passage of salt through the body the absorption of food is stimulated and the activity of tissue changes and growth is increased.

It is a matter of common observation that the swallowing of salt produces thirst, which is but saying that certain organs are stimulated to activity thereby, and consequently demand more fluid in order to continue their normal activity.

Many children doubtless suffer from an insufficient supply of common salt, especially when artificial foods are used. Such children are often weak and poorly nourished. Their digestion proceeds slowly, absorption of digested products is delayed, and they become emaciated. The doctor is called, and with the order to add "a pinch" of salt to the milk or other prepared food, the appetite improves, the digestion is stimulated and a proper condition of nourishment returns.

It is more than probable that the chlorine element of the hydrochloric acid of the gastric juice is supplied by the salt. In this fact persons who live largely on a vegetable diet may find a weak digestion and insufficient acidity, for the mineral matter found in vegetables consists for the most part of potash salts, which do not satisfy the demands of the animal organism.

The water of mineral springs is chiefly efficacious in that it supplies both salt and water to the blood in increased quantity. The salt tends to increase tissue changes, and the greater supply of water hastens the excretion of the waste products thereby generated.

SPECIAL MENTION.

A Radical Change in the Treatment of Rupture.

It has been the theory among medical men of all ages that Hernia (or rupture) could not be cured, except by a surgical operation, and even by that means a radical cure was an exception and not the rule, and the great mortality following a surgical operation has made the practitioners of medicine and surgery very reticent in trying to induce their patients to resort to such means for relief. Thus those unfortunate people, whose fate it was to be so afflicted, seem to be left almost without a remedy except an ordinary truss, which was only used as a palliative treatment, which in many cases seems rather to aggravate the trouble than make it better.

This condition of affairs has caused some of the more ingenious of the medical profession to investigate more thoroughly this peculiar disease and try, if possible, to invent some means for its relief. The fact that some cases get well under favorable circumstances is evidence within itself that a means could be invented to cure it, etc., and after many years of patient study and experiment this great end has been accomplished by Dr. J. S. Blackburn, of St. Paul, Minn., who is the patentee of the Blackburn Truss, an instrument made on an entirely new principle vice versa to the old truss; holds the viscera perfectly in place; protects the patient from accident from the first until cured; is perfectly comfortable, and effects a permanent cure in from two to eighteen months.

Dr. Blackburn, in order to bring his new treatment for rupture more legitimately before the public, has interested some of the most prominent physicians of the country with him, and has formed what is known as the Blackburn Truss Company, whose headquarters are at Rooms 48-9 Germania Life Insurance Building, St. Paul, Minn., with branch offices in many of the principal cities of the Union. Physicians who would like to use their treatment, and those sufferers who would like to be cured of their rupture are respectfully invited to write them, or, what is better, call at their offices and investigate their method. They refer to over 2,000 cases cured. Examinations free.

Annie Besant, Theosophist.

In many respects Mrs. Annie Besant, the famous theosophist, is one of the most remarkable women that the world has seen in several centuries. In her eventful life she has run the gamut of thought and philosophy from the Church of England to esoteric Buddhism and has dealt as comprehensively with Socialism as Malthusian theory. At present she is endeavoring to spread the doctrine of evolution, or development, something of deep interest. Every person who has traveled over the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad knows what that means, for the Duluth Short Line, as it is everywhere known, is a sample of complete development. As such it is up to the railway times and enjoys wide popularity because it pays such strict attention to the details of service. Its equipment is always of the latest, best and most comfortable pattern, added to by palatial sleepers of the highest class, and in many other ways appeals to the tourist who desires to make quick time conveniently and easy between St. Paul and Minneapolis, Duluth and West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor Falls and other points. For information apply to ticket agents or write to Geo. W. Bull, General Passenger Agent, or W. A. Russell, Assistant General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn. For information respecting lands for sale by this company, maps showing location of farms, etc., and other particulars, apply to Hopewell Clark, Land Commissioner, St. Paul, Minn.

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LEGEND OF MINNEWAUKAN.

On the shores of Minnewaukan,
On the broad Dacotah prairie,
Once there lived an Indian chieftain,
And his name was Chaw-ter-backer;
And he had a lovely daughter,
Minnie-boo-hoo, Crying Water,
She was loved by Hoka-po-muck,
"Crazy Canine," called in English,
Old Po-no-ko (Step and Fetch It),
Said it was a poor translation;
"Mad Dog" was his real cognomen.
One night, when the storm god Goche,
Howled and whistled through the forest,
And the snow drift Po-ka-to-wee
Yelled and shrieked around the tepee,
Ho-ka-po-muck called a council,
Who should consult and consider
What to eat upon the feast day,
Rip and Snorter—Indian wedding,
Long they sat there in the fire light,
Wisely talked the matter over,
Like a Dacotah legislature,
Till arose old Chaw-ter-backer,
Said he: "Friends, I'll solve this matter.
I have heard across yon water,
Dwells a Pale Face—De-Fi-o-re,
Keeps a store where we can barter
Pelt of skunk, and skin of otter,
Paw of bear and shoes of deer skin
For the famous entrail twister,
'Lemon Extract.' Sho-no-mo-kee,
With the sauce the oldest cur dog,
Antiquated cat, or muskrat,
Tastes delicious as the tender
Loin of skunk or snout of porker.
Ho-ka-po-muck, don't forget it,
Hie across the Haunted Water,
Find the wig-wam of the Pale Face,
Buy the famous 'Lemon Extract,'
If you would wed my lovely daughter,
Minnie-boo-hoo, Crying Water."
In the morning, Ho-ka-po-muck,
Woke his two friends ere the sun rise,
Agge-do-mo, Pig Tail Twister,
Ragga-do-chee, Fever Blister.
Then they buckled on their snow-shoes,
Tied their old blue pants, with hide thongs,
Lest the Frost King, Nip-an-Tucker,
Bite them as they trotted o'er.
Long they parleyed, jewed and bartered
With the Pale Face, De-Fi-o-re,
Till at last, he sold unto them,
'Lemon Extract.' Sho-no-mo-kee,
Agge-do-chee said: "Let's taste it!"
Ragga-do-chee: "That's the caper!"
Ho-ka-po-muck pulled the cork out,
Put it to his lips and smacked them,
Laughed and said, "This is a corker."
Then behind a barn they gathered,
Agge-do-mo, Ragga-do-chee,
Ho-ka-po-muck, Sho-no-mo-kee,
Long they stayed there, drinking extract,
Till the Day King, Opee-co-chee,
Went to bed behind the hill top.
Then they started through the darkness,
Down the hill side, through the city,
Yelled and shrieked, like forty wildmen,
Tore their hair, clutched their abdomen,
Danced the war dance at the depot,
Yelling loud and dancing faster.
Called for Tom-wee, the Pain Killer,
Saga-do-chee, Mustard Plaster,
Scalp a calf and beat a nigger
Till at length, a gaunt Blind Pigger,
Gave them whiskey, fire water,
Which indeed he hadn't oughter.
For they jumped and leaped and tumbled,
While the lemon in them rumbled,
Like the Wau-kan, Son of Thunder,
So it came, it is no wonder,
They were juggled, put in the lockup,
By Tom-big-bee, a policeman,
They were tried by Judge Mc'lory,
And the Pale Face, De-Fi-o-re,
He was held to the grand jury,
Where last week, it was decided,
That the statute had provided,
That it was against the law,
To sell to a ward of Mr. Waugh,
Sho-no-mo-kee, Lemon Extract,
And De-Fi-o-re, so inclined,
May be imprisoned or confined,
Now my readers, hear my warning,
Shun the way of Ho-ka-po-muck,
Don't go near the Sho-no-mo-kee
It will twist and it will turn you,
It will gag and it will burn you,
Diaphragm and duo-de-num,
Eso-pho-gus, peri-to-neum,
Liver, colon, cerebellum;
It will fire and it will swell'em.
If you have a Minnie-boo-hoo
You would wed, lead to the altar,
Round your neck would put a halter,
Remember this, I now beseech you,
"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto man is woman,
Though she draws him, she misleads him,
Though she bends him, she will bust him,
Better each without the other."
—J. V. Boonfellow, in Grand Forks News.

SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON.

SNOHOMISH LAND CO.,

Snohomish,

Washington.

Farm Lands,

Timber Lands,

Snohomish City Property.

Correspondence Solicited.

[No. 4526.]

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SNOHOMISH, WASH.

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Capital, \$50,000.

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HOTEL POKEGAMA, Grand Rapids, Minnesota.
HARTLEY & GUNN, Proprietors. Rates, \$2 per day.

SKAGIT COUNTY (WASH.) SHINGLE ASSOCIATION.

Officers: President, P. A. Woolley, Woolley, Wash.; Vice President, A. E. Flagg, Avon, Wash.; Secretary and Treasurer, Geo. E. Brand, Mount Vernon, Wash. Number of mills in Skagit County, Jan. 1st, 1891, six; number Jan. 1st, 1893, thirty-five; present aggregate daily capacity, 1,500,000. The principal mills in the county are represented in the cards below.

JARVIS, METCALF & FERRIS,
Wholesale Manufacturers of
Skagit County Red Cedar Shingles,
IN CAR LOT ORDERS.
Capacity 100,000 per day.
P. O. address, MOUNT VERNON, WASH.

AVON MANUFACTURING CO.,
Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles.
Daily capacity, 100,000.
P. O. address, AVON, SKAGIT CO., WASH.

BURLINGTON M'FG CO.,
Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles.
Daily capacity, 50,000.
P. O. address, BURLINGTON, SKAGIT CO., WASH.

RED CEDAR SHINGLE CO.,
Capacity, 100,000.
Manufacturers Red Cedar Shingles.
All kinds of dimensions and fancy butts made to order.
P. O. address, MOUNT VERNON, SKAGIT CO., WASH.

Capacity: Shingles, 150 M; Lumber, 30 M.
SEDRO LUMBER & SHINGLE CO
P. O. address, SEDRO, WASH.
Manufacturers of Washington Red Cedar Shingles,
Washington Cedar Beveled Siding,
Washington Fir Flooring.

MT. VERNON SHINGLE AND LUMBER COMPANY,
Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles and Clear Cedar Lumber.
Mixed cars of shingles and lumber.
MOUNT VERNON, WASH.
Capacity: 200,000 shingles daily, 40,000 lumber daily.

WHATCOM COUNTY (WASH.) SHINGLE ASSOCIATION.

Banner Shingle County of Washington. Output, Jan. 1, 1891, about 200,000 shingles daily. Daily capacity, March 1, 1893, 3,000,000. President, Geo. A. Cooper, New Whatcom; Secretary and Treasurer, D. H. DeCan, New Whatcom.

D. H. DECAN, Manufacturer of
Cedar Shingles, Whatcom, Wash.
Capacity, 75,000 daily. Orders promptly attended to.

HENRY & SONS, Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Lumber and Shingles,
LUMMI, Whatcom Co., Wash. Daily capacity 40,000.

BELLINGHAM BAY LUMBER & M'FG CO.,
Manufacturers of Red Cedar Lumber & Shingles,
NEW WHATCOM, WASH.

W. L. MILLER, Manufacturer of
Cedar Shingles and Lumber.
Capacity: 50,000 shingles daily, 25,000 lumber daily.
NEW WHATCOM, WASH.

C. E. OWEN, Manufacturer of
Red Cedar Shingles,
GOSHEN, WASH.

LOVEALL BROS., Manufacturers and dealers in
Red Cedar Shingles and Siding,
GOSHEN, WASH.

MOUNT BAKER SHINGLE M'FG CO.,
Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles and Siding,
LICKING, WASH.

BACON & HENDERSON,
MOUNT VERNON, WASH.
Beveled Cedar Siding and Clear Cedar Door Stock
a specialty.
Will ship mixed cars of shingles and siding.
Capacity: 40,000 feet lumber daily; 50,000 shingles.
P. O. address, MT. VERNON, WASH.

W. E. HIGHTOWER, Pres. J. W. FOSTER, Vice Pres.
J. E. KULP, Sec. & Treas.
SKAGIT VALLEY SHINGLE CO.
WOOLLEY, WASH.
Manufacturers of the
Celebrated Washington Red Cedar Shingles.
Capacity, 150,000 daily.
Strictly first-class and of a high grade.

SKAGIT RIVER LUMBER AND SHINGLE CO.,
WOOLLEY, WASH.
Manufacturers of and dealers in
Washington Red Cedar Shingles, Washington
Red Cedar Lumber, Washington Fir Lumber.
Write for quotations, delivered f. o. b. your station.

PRAIRIE SHINGLE CO.,
PRAIRIE, WASH.
On the line of the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern R. R.
Manufacturers of Red Cedar Shingles,
Daily capacity 70,000.

CAMPBELL & MOELLER,
CLEAR LAKE, SKAGIT CO., WASH.
Manufacturers of Red Cedar Shingles,
Capacity, 60,000 shingles daily.

CLEAR LAKE SHINGLE & LUMBER CO.
Office: Room 325 Bailey Building, SEATTLE.
Mill at CLEAR LAKE, SKAGIT CO.
Manufacturers of
Washington Red Cedar Shingles.
Capacity, 220,000 shingles daily.

P. H. BLANKENSHIP, Manufacturer of
High Grade Red Cedar Lumber and Shingles.
Daily capacity 150,000 shingles and 10,000 ft. of lumber.
NEW WHATCOM, WASH.

HAMILTON & CO., Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles, CUSTER, WASH.
Daily capacity 80,000.

PEAVEY & CAMPBELL, Manufacturers and
wholesale dealers in Red Cedar Lumber and Shingles.
Daily capacity 90,000 shingles and 12,000 ft. lumber.
Mill and Office, SUMAS CITY, WASH.

BROWN SHINGLE CO., Manufacturers of
Red Cedar Shingles, WICKERSHAM, WASH.
Daily capacity 50,000.

L. D. REYNOLDS, Manufacturer of
Red Cedar Shingles, WICKERSHAM, WASH.
Capacity, 90,000 daily.

J. H. PARKER, Manufacturer of
Red Cedar Shingles,
LAWRENCE, WASH. Capacity, 60,000 shingles daily.

Send this Number East.

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Manufacturers and Dealers.

WHITE RIVER SHINGLE CO.,
(INCORPORATED.)
Pioneer Manufacturers and Dealers in
Washington Red Cedar Shingles and Lumber.
BUCKLEY, WN.
Output, 350,000 daily.

THEOPHILUS CUSHING, President and Manager.
W. C. CUSHING, Secretary and Treasurer.

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the Shingle Business.

We have a Lumber Mill at Anacortes. Lumber
capacity daily, 45,000, capable of increase
to 80,000 daily.

We have sufficient land to supply the trade for five
or six years.

It is our intention to secure a resident Eastern partner
to dispose of the product of our lumber and
shingle mills, and invite correspondence.

We are located so as to afford every facility for ship-
ment by rail and water.

Refer to any bank or mill company on Puget Sound.

SKAGIT MILL CO.,
ANACORTES, WASH.

NORFOLK SHINGLE CO.,
Manufacturers of

Red Cedar Shingles and Siding.

P. O. address, HOLENS, WASH.
Capacity, 200,000 shingles daily.

For Rent:

The Hotel "SPOFFORD,"
Red Lodge, Mont.

An elegant three-story brick, just finished, will be
leased to the right party for a term of years.

Contains thirty-five large sleeping rooms, a spa-
cious dining room, bar, billiard room, barber shop and
several parlors—not a dark room in the house—steam
heat, electric lights, call and fire alarm system
throughout, perfect plumbing and sewerage. Fine
corner room suitable for drug store, bank or small
business.

Only hotel in town of 1,500 people; present terminus
of Cooke City division Northern Pacific Railroad;
distributing point for Northern Wyoming; growing
rapidly.

For terms, picture of building or further informa-
tion, write

THE ROCKY FORK TOWN & ELECTRIC CO (Owners)
Red Lodge, Montana.



THE steam log-thawing apparatus, first put into operation at Phillips two years ago, is finding favor. The inventor has put in eight of these devices during the past season, and the output of the mills has been increased in consequence. The depleted condition of stocks all over the North makes the temptation to run mills during the winter a strong one, and more than the usual number are running. *—Minneapolis Lumberman.*

SUPERIOR has much in its favor for becoming a center for the manufacture of wood products. Since in Northern and Western Wisconsin, the adjacent States and those tributary to this city have a wealth of soft and hard woods—an almost inexhaustible supply, in fact, Superior is already quite prominent in the manufacture of the products of the forest. Here are located three sawmills of a season capacity of about 20,000,000 feet each, besides many millions of lath and shingles. The manufacture of these products is as yet in its infancy, although a sawmill was Superior's first industry. There are vast forests of pine tributary to the rivers running into Lake Superior which are practically untouched, but which are owned and carefully watched by the various interests. Frederick Weyerhaeuser personally owns 500,000,000 feet of this timber, and it is well known that he contemplates the building here of a great sawmill at no very distant day for the purpose of reducing his vast interests into pine boards and ready cash. *—Superior Telegram.*

Minnesota.

THE Minnesota Senate has passed a resolution naming the "Ladies' Slipper" or "Moccasin" flower the emblem of Minnesota.

THE Brainerd & Northern Minnesota Railroad, the logging road belonging to the Northern Mill Company, is now running two trains each way daily and bringing into Brainerd 200,000 feet of logs. In about a week they will put on two more trains, making four in all, which will double the amount of logs now hauled. They are also talking some of putting on four night trains after awhile, which will make their hauling capacity about 800,000 feet daily. *—Lumberman.*

THE purchase of \$2,000,000 worth of pine timber in the Leech Lake Country by the Weyerhaeuser shows that every acre of pine land in Northern Minnesota will be picked up just as fast as it can be gotten hold of, and not to be held, as heretofore, but to be cut into lumber. This will be of importance to all classes in this valley, for it will give employment to men and teams, and will also make competition, and thus give us cheap lumber. *—Crookston Times.*

FROM present indications everything looks favorable for a large number of new buildings, both dwellings and business blocks, to be erected in Sauk Rapids during the coming season, says the Sauk Center *Advertiser*, and taking it for granted that such will be the case, several public spirited men are making all necessary preparations to meet the demands. Large amounts of building stone are being hauled from the granite quarries, with which they are so richly and bountifully blessed, and being piled upon all the vacant lots in town.

IT looks very much as though the Weyerhaeuser Lumber Company, which now has control of the Mississippi River between Minneapolis and Brainerd, would erect a large mill in this vicinity in the near future, and it will probably be above our dam, as the river between here and the St. Cloud dam is pretty well taken up with booms and sorting works of St. Cloud lumbermen, and they would have better access to the two great railroad lines (the Northern Pacific and Great Northern) here than at any other point on the river. The mill will be built in this neighborhood anyway, think several prominent lumbermen of St. Cloud. *—Sauk Rapids Sentinel.*

PETER JOHNSON, a machinist of Dassel, has recently perfected an invention for the hardening of copper which bids fair to revolutionize the steel plate business. If successful it will supersede the latter in the manufacture of plates for vessels and in material used in the construction of electrical and other appliances. A company is in process of formation at Chicago to handle the patent and the tests already made have been highly satisfactory. To illustrate the degree of

density obtained under the new process, a recent test may be given: Two plates were secured, one of steel and one of hardened copper. These were fired at by a Martini Henry rifle, at a distance of 120 yards, the charge consisting of sixty pounds of powder and a ball. As a result of the test the steel plate was pierced and shattered, while the copper plate repulsed the bullet and sent it back as flat as a silver half dollar. Experts think that Johnson has solved a problem that has engaged the best scientific thought for years.

North Dakota.

AT Fargo and Grand Forks, alone, there will be ground into flour, the coming year, over three million bushels of North Dakota wheat.

INQUIRY is being made for North Dakota farm lands. The tendency will be upward in price. No real estate in the world is as good an intrinsic investment as the farm lands of this State at present values. *—Fargo Forum.*

SOME of our farmers are burning the Minot soft coal. They claim it burns well and does not clog up the pipes like Eastern soft coal. They get it at \$3 per ton delivered here. Several cars have been shipped to Hamilton. *—Pembina Express.*

A CITIZEN of this town, not to be outdone by Mr. Klaus' starch factory enterprise, says some Eastern capitalists have written him that they will put up a cotton mill in Jamestown if the farmers here will contract to raise 500 acres of cotton at a fair price next year. *—Capital.*

TWENTY families from Iowa have completed arrangements for moving to Morton County. They will settle north of New Salem near to the Olive County line. It is said they are all English speaking people and are fairly well blessed in the way of capital. *—Mandan Pioneer.*

A CITIZEN of Grand Forks, Mr. Rhineheart, has invented a water-wheel that will be of considerable interest if it is a success, as it will afford cheap motive power. The wheel is a horizontal one, and aims to develop a high horsepower from the ordinary current of a stream, without the need of a dam or a waterfall.

THIS is the picture drawn of agricultural life at Stanton, west of the Missouri River, and well toward the Bad Lands: Grain is plenty and cheap, beef, pork and poultry were never so fat and tender at this season. Steers two years old dress from 650 to 750 pounds; pork finds a ready market at six cents per pound; dressed beef brings four and a half cents. Then lignite coal is cheap and abundant.

THE Nelson Milling Co. of this city shipped three earloads of their choice flour direct to Hull, England, getting for the same five cents a barrel more than the firm they ship to pay for any other brand of American flour. Mr. Nelson informs the *Gazette* that they are perfecting arrangements for shipping their flour direct to Norway. Thus North Dakota's staple product renders the State famous abroad. *—Libson Gazette.*

THE fur industry in North Dakota is more important than most people consider it. In conversation to-day with a representative of a leading furrier firm in Minneapolis the *Forum* learned that a large quantity of wolf, badger and fox skins, both red and grey, were annually shipped from this State. In fact the business is of such importance that several firms have representatives over the State. The gentleman showed some fine specimens of the skins he had gathered on this trip and says he will have a big consignment for shipping next week. *—Fargo Forum.*

IT is merely a matter of a few years when all the prairie land in the mountains will be diverted into valuable stock ranches. A richer country for grazing does not exist, for the grass grows rank; besides, hay meadows are numerous that furnish feed for winter. Just imagine a horse ranch of 2,500 acres of prairie land where the grass grows from two and a half to four feet high, surrounded by timber where springs and lakes are to be found, and hay meadows that will cut from 100 to 1,000 tons of grass, and you have a stock ranch in the mountains. *—Dunsmuir Herald.*

C. H. FROST returned to Tower City last Saturday, after a week spent in this city in experimenting in the distillation of wormwood oil. Mr. Frost, in conducting his experiments, used wormwood which had been grown in North Dakota, and although it has not been harvested at the right time, the results showed that its raising in this section would be profitable. On the strength of what has been accomplished a number of farmers have agreed to put in a considerable acreage of wormwood, for which Mr. Frost says he can pay \$10 per acre, and as it requires no seeding and but little cultivation, it is destined to become a paying crop. The oil when distilled is worth \$5 per pound. Experi-

ments conducted by L. O. Haberstich and others in growing the plant, demonstrated its adaptability to this climate, and it is likely this new industry will be thoroughly tested. *—Valley City Times-Record.*

Montana.

IN the Boulder district hand toboggan express lines are doing a thriving business, hauling loads to points off from the main road.

IT is now settled that the university will be located at Missoula, the agricultural college at Bozeman, the school of mines at Butte, and the normal school at Dillon.

AMONG Montana's exhibit at the Fair will be a mass of wire silver ore in the shape of a punch bowl sent by the Elkhorn Mining Company. The crystallization takes the form of leaves and is delicately beautiful.

ARTICLES of incorporation recently filed in the office of the Secretary of State by the Montana Irrigation and Immigration Company with a capital stock of \$1,500,000. Canals will be constructed from the south and north forks of Sun River and Willow Creek and reservoirs built for the storage of water with which to irrigate the company's lands.

CUSTER and Southern Dawson counties, which for many years were famous as the cattle growers' paradise are now proving great farming districts and will no doubt in a few years lead in the growing of orchards. So far we have not heard of a single failure to raise an orchard by those who have made an effort. But fruit raising is just beginning to attract attention, and there will be many new orchards started this year. *—Rocky Mountain Husbandman.*

Idaho.

A SAMPLE of asbestos taken from the Snake River mine in Owyhee County was exhibited at De Lamar recently. The mine shows a three-foot vein of fibrous asbestos.

THE coal field recently discovered on the Payette River in Idaho is attracting much attention. A strong six-foot vein has been uncovered at the Schermerhorn mine and indications are very promising for a large body of excellent coal at no great depth.

ANOTHER fine apple, an excellent winter keeper, has been originated in the Inland Empire, this time on Camas Prairie. The Palouse and Potlatch countries promise to become as famous for their fine apples as for their enormous yields of grain. *—Spokane Review.*

Washington.

THE Great Northern has let contracts for the erection of its car shops at Spokane. The contracts amount to \$80,000 and \$250,000 worth of machinery will be placed in the shops.

Everett is but a few months old, yet it has the largest paper mill on the Coast. Its capacity is twenty-six tons per day. Its products now reach Oregon and California, and they are fast pushing all other papers out.

THE new Mason Library was opened to the public at Tacoma. It is the gift to the city of Allen C. Mason, and contains 10,000 volumes. Tacoma can well feel proud of her public spirited citizen, for few places have been so well favored. *—Yakima Herald.*

VANCOUVER will have in operation by May next a creamery that will handle the milk from 3,000 cows. Buildings are being erected for it, and the plant will be one of the most complete in the West. It is an important addition to the industries of that section.

SOME idea of the value of Washington's railroad traffic can be inferred from the estimate, by the *Palouse Gazette*, that the farmers of Whitman County, alone, will pay the railroads for hauling their 9,000,000 bushels of wheat, this year, no less than \$1,575,000.

THE brightest and ablest young Indians on the Puyallup Indian Reservation have organized a land company to make business-like disposal of any lands which they may wish to sell should Congress pass the bill providing for the sale of the Puyallup Indian Reservation lands.

THE car shops of the Northern Pacific Railway at Edison have commenced construction work on 100 immense flat cars, having 75,000 pounds capacity each. They will be used in the shipment of big timbers eastward. The shops are employing 425 men, and this number will be largely increased.

THE waterpower that can be developed from the Puyallup and Carbon rivers, one on either side of the town, would be sufficient to run all the machinery in the State at a nominal cost. At a small cost thousands

of horsepower for machinery could be utilized. The fall in either of the rivers is such that power can be so easily converted that persons seeking sites for flouring mills, woolen mills and factories of any description would do well to investigate the facilities about Orting.—Orting Oracle.

FOSTER & HASTINGS, of Tacoma, have just received an order for spruce from an organ firm in Detroit, Mich., that has the contract to build the big organ for the World's Fair at Chicago. The spruce will be clear, some of it being 2x24-32. Verily now will all the world hear from the woods of Washington.—West Coast Lumberman.

H. G. CROOK, of Kelso, who has been in the fruit business in Cowlitz County for a number of years, says he considers the production of strawberries the most remunerative and desirable business in the fruit line. He has nearly two acres of strawberries, and sold more than 3,000 pounds last year. He says he sold ripe berries from the second crop every week during the fall.

The factory at South Bend, for the manufacture of tannin extract, will be operated day and night and will give employment to twenty men regularly, and in peeling season 100 men will be engaged. The capacity will be 150 barrels of extract per week. One cord of bark will make a barrel of extract. Each barrel holds 500 pounds or fifty gallons. The extract sells at three cents a pound or fifteen dollars per barrel.

WITH the advent of the railroad the shipments of oysters from Willapa Bay are rapidly increasing. The shipments now average 1,000 sacks weekly. The cause of this increase is the new market in the Sound country and east of the mountains, which has heretofore been closed to the oystermen on account of poor means of communication and high freight rates. The Northern Pacific has given a special rate on oysters to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland of forty cents per sack in car load lots.—Cathlamet Gazette.

Oregon.

THE gold ledge discovered on Oliver Creek, Grant County, is about 100 feet wide, and sticks up from the ground in places thirty to forty feet high. Croppings assay from seven to forty dollars per ton. A mill will soon be erected on the property.

PRUNE raising in Southern Oregon has proved most profitable, one farmer last season receiving \$2,080 for prunes raised on ten acres, while a neighbor received \$1,892 for the product of eight acres. From one half to seven-tenths is the net profit, according to variation in prices.

OREGON cedar seems to be making quite a good name for the State in the East. The New York Sun says: "As a telling testimonial of the durability of its woods and an advertisement of its lumbering industries Oregon will send to the World's Fair a number of shingles that have been doing service on a roof for over twenty-five years. They are of cedar, and were laid with five inches exposed to the weather. All that Oregon weather has done is to wear down the surface about an eighth of an inch; the remainder of the wood is sound and far harder than it was the day the shingles were laid."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies



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Sugar, and is far more economical,
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References: Security Trust Co., St. Paul.
C. E. Dickerman.

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price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with
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it at any time within one year if not satisfactory,
and if you sell or cause the sale of six
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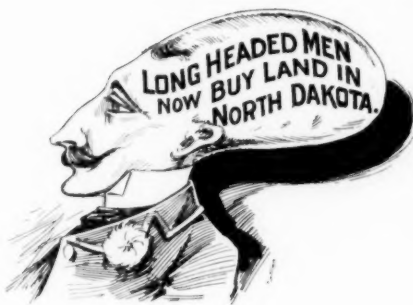
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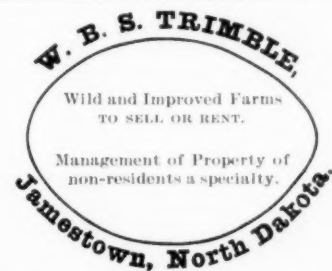
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WINNIPEG'S WINSOME WINTER.

A few days devoted to amusements in Winnipeg would revolutionize the ideas of some Eastern people with regard to the winter temperature in Manitoba, says the *Free Press* of that city. Perhaps the prevailing impression among ordinary Eastern readers whose information concerning the Northwest is limited to hasty glances over newspaper items, is that the "forty degrees below zero," which has caught their eye, represents the average degree of cold throughout the winter, or at least the common or very frequent experience of the citizens. Many seem to think of Manitoba as a country in which the people sit freezing around their stoves, seldom venturing out of doors and only doing so with great danger of being frost bitten. Their notions are about as greatly exaggerated as those of country children who have never seen a railway train are concerning the speed of the cars.

Nothing would surprise an unsophisticated Eastern man more than the zest which is thrown into athletic sports here in the winter. The present season is especially marked by activity. Three new curling rinks have been built, and the extent of the accommodation and perfection of the most modern conveniences are indicative of an enthusiasm which would not exist if the severity of our winter were too great for enjoyment. Then the vacated curling rinks have not been allowed to stand idle. Hundreds of merry skaters have hastened to secure the favorable opportunity afforded by the retirement of the curlers. Skating has never been so popular since the days when roller-skating was at the height of its craze. Besides these less exposed amusements there are others which are very popular, notably snowshoeing and hockey. The strong

clubs which have been formed for the enjoyment of the former and the zeal with which the latter has been practiced, give evidence that the cold weather does not prevent the players from having a good time.

A strong point to be noticed is the popularity of winter amusements among ladies and children. Lady snowshoers have never been very numerous; perhaps if the snow were deeper ladies would find tramping more to their liking. That the explanation is not the severity of the cold is evident from the fact the ladies have taken great interest in tobogganing, in spite of the absence of hills and the declivities necessary to the creation of the wildest and most thrilling excitement of the "swish."

The large attendance of ladies and children at public gatherings, at churches and Sunday schools, and the number of little ones attending the day schools will bear comparison with the experience of any other city, no matter what may be the degree of its latitude, or the record of its thermometer. The appearance of the children when assembled in mass meetings does not indicate that the winter has had any unfavorable effect upon them. Comparatively little is heard of frost-bites among the little ones; and the rudeness of their complexions and their eagerness to go out on every occasion demonstrate that the cold is not to them an object of dread. The absence of pale and sickly children is a matter of comment for visitors to schools and other juvenile gatherings.

Sleigh-riding for pleasure is perhaps less common here than in Ontario towns, but this is chiefly owing, no doubt, to the lack of a large number of prosperous farmers settled within a few miles of Winnipeg, and to the small number

of suburban places of resort. A drive to nowhere in particular, especially when the price of livery rigs is taken into consideration, is not likely to possess any absorbing interest for the many whose purses are somewhat painfully contracted. Let the great question of the settlement of our vacant lands be solved, and soon the streets of the city will be lively with vehicles, and sleigh-riding will become one of the popular amusements in Winnipeg, as it is in cities of the older provinces.

FRAME HOUSES FOR SHIPMENT TO ENGLAND.
—An interesting experiment is shortly to be made by an English landlord. A British Columbia architect has received orders to prepare plans for lightly constructed houses, such as are built in this country, and within the next thirty days a ship will carry the material for half a dozen frame houses to England, to be erected for the workmen on a large estate. The houses are to be shingled, too, with red cedar shingles instead of thatch. The result will be watched with interest by the lumbermen of the Pacific Coast. There is no reason why England should not build wooden houses. The climate of the Pacific Northwest is like that of England, and here wooden houses are preferred to brick and stone. Lumber is cheaper than stone or brick, even if freights and insurance are high, and when this idea takes root among the middle classes of Great Britain, we may look for an immense trade from John Bull. At present the imports of timber and lumber into Great Britain amounts to over \$75,000,000 per year, of which less than \$200,000 worth comes from the Pacific Coast. Should the wooden house idea take—and there is no reason why it shouldn't—there will be enough work for all the cargo mills on the coast to supply the demand.—*Puget Sound Lumberman*.

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A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts, and the agricultural and grazing lands.

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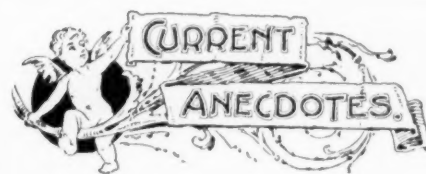
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Irate Customer: "See here, Isaacs, you said this was a fifteen dollar coat when you sold it to me for three dollars."

Isaacs: "Yah, dat ish so."

Irate Customer: "Well, when I took it home I found it full of moths."

Isaacs: "Vell?"

Irate Customer: "I want my money back."

Isaacs: "Vants your monish back? Mine Got! What you expects in a three dollar coat—humming-beirds?"

ASK THE BULL.

"Some of you," said a political orator, "remind me of Johnny Bizirn, who undertook to break the yearling bull, and to make sure he did not get away, tied the rope around his waist. The breaking process angered the yearling and he split a crack in the atmosphere towards the swamp. John only hit the ground in the high places. In their mad career they passed a neighbor, who yelled to John:

"Where are you going?"

"D—d if I know," he replied, as he sailed through the air, "ask the bull."

HE KICKED HIMSELF TO DEATH.

The Indians had worried him; the Japanese had buried him; the Southern mule had carried him, but under this he thrived.

The cannibals had pickled him, had bound him and had tickled him; a silver man had nicked him, and yet he still survived.

A tariff crank had heated him; a Brooklyn man had treated him, and poker had depleted him and swept away his pile.

A cyclone swift had tilted him; a Boston girl had wilted him, a Hartford girl had jilted him yet only made him smile.

But when one night he marched within a nightshirt that was arched within because it was so starched within, he tried to catch his breath.

But when he rolled around in it, his curses made no sound in it. Next day the man was found in it. He'd kicked himself to death.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

COULDN'T FLUMMIX THAT WAITER.

The young man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into a restaurant, and like some young men when the girls are around he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "bring me a broiled elephant."

"Yassir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it on toast."

"Yassir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

"Well," said the young man, "are you going to bring it?"

"Yassir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Orders is, sir, dat we has to git pay in advance for elephants, sir. Elephants on toast, sir, am \$18,000.25; ef you take it without toast, sir, it am only \$18,000, sir."

The waiter never smiled, but the girl did, and the young man climbed down.—*Detroit Herald.*

"Spokane, the Beautiful,"



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Investigate before you act. Do not waste your money on worthless town lots. Learn the exact facts by correspondence or personal observation. The best way is to make a visit to this country and see for yourself. It will pay you to do so, for here you will find a new and wonderful world.

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For more detailed information, address:



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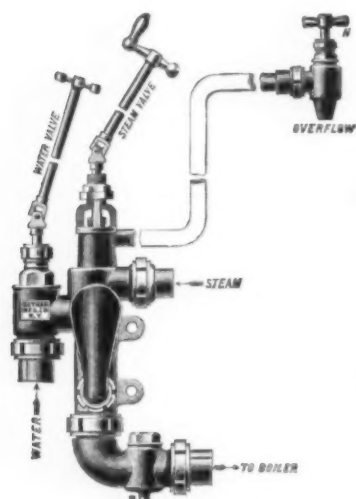
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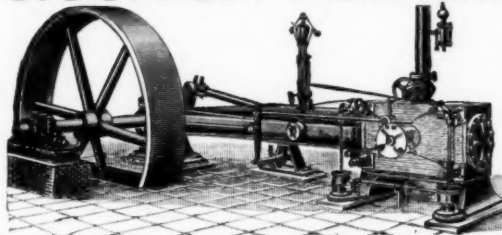
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HOW TO ABBREVIATE WASHINGTON.—Wn. is getting to be the abbreviation for the State of Washington. We cannot see any objection to it as we have Pa. for Pennsylvania, Vt. for Vermont and so on through all the States. It is certainly much handier than Wash., and there is no likelihood of its being confounded with that of any other State. Wn., we believe, will be a go.—*Ellensburg Localizer.*

ROSES IN THE SNOW.—A strange picture indeed was presented to the editor of the *Sedro Press* on a recent morning. The storm of the previous day had precipitated about six inches of snow on the ground, and shrubbery was bent under the weight of the snow. Yet in Mrs. George W. Hopp's garden were roses in full bloom, while the bushes on which they grew were bent nearly to the ground. The picture was as beautiful as it was novel, and the strange contrast of the beautiful and delicately tinted rose, made doubly beautiful by the snow-white background, was a picture that would make food for the artist's soul.

THE CANDLE FISH.—The candle fish found on the Pacific Coast northward from Vancouver Island is known technically as *Thaleichthys Pacificus*. It is of the salmonidae family, strictly a sea fish approaching the coast to spawn, but never entering the rivers. The Indians of Vancouver Island and vicinity use the fish for both food and light. It is the fattest or most oleaginous of all fishes, and, it is said, of all animals. It is impossible to either boil or fry it, for the moment it is subjected to heat it turns to oil. The Indians, who use the fish for food, take them and, without cleaning them, run a skewer through the eyes and suspend them in the thick smoke that arises from the wood fires. The fish acquire the flavor of the wood and the smoke helps to preserve them. When the Indians want to make a meal of the fish they heat them, reduce them to oil and drink it.

FROM MONTANA TO NEW ORLEANS IN A CANOE.—R. C. Hite, who started for New Orleans by water from Bozeman several months ago, has now reached the Gulf of Mexico in his boat, says the *Bozeman Chronicle*. In a letter to James Fisher, of that city, he says: "I arrived here the 1st inst. pretty well fagged out. The tide sets back here for 150 miles, so there is very little current and it was hard rowing all the way, with contrary winds most of the time and very warm weather. It is just like June at Bozeman, except there are more mosquitoes here. I have not been up to New Orleans yet. I am tied up seven miles above the town. Couldn't get closer on account of wharfage. However, the street cars run here and I can go to town for five cents. I don't know now what I shall do or where I shall spend the winter. I don't feel as if I wanted to go out on the gulf, but if I can find a small lake or bay I shall either go there and live in the boat or house it and live in the city. I have nothing in particular to say about the trip just now. Sometimes it was very pleasant, at other times it was not so cussed fine as it might have been. I was more interested in studying human nature than anything else. I found people of different habits and customs in almost every town. Omaha takes the cake for sharks. This country has too many negroes to suit me."



CHEAP, TOO.—East Side Belle: "Do you know what Mrs. Figleaf is going to wear at the Hotons' big ball?" North Side Belle: "Cuticle, mainly."

Old Gentleman—"Does that dog love you, little boy?" Little Boy: "Yer bet he does; if he didn't he knows I'd lik the stuffin' out of him."

On the Atlantic Steamer, English Miss: "Do you believe in marriage?" Western Girl: "Yes indeed; I believe in short marriages, and plenty of them."

Mrs. Bellows—"Did they make you feel at home while on a visit to the Jimpson's?"

Mr. Bellows—"Yes, indeed. They quarrelled all the time."—*Good News*.

"Fish for dinner!" exclaimed Fangle. "You know I can't abide fish." "I know, love," replied Mrs. Fangle, wearily; "but this is Friday and the hired girl's conscience won't let her eat meat."



A LABOR OF LOVE.

The Rector: "And were you at the ball last night, Mrs. Ramsbotham?"

Mrs. R.: "Oh, yes; I was shampooing eight young ladies there!"

Maud: "How do you like tobogganing?"

Dora: "I don't like it. Seems to me it's running an awful lot of risk for such a short hug."—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

Miss Peart: "Did you ever look at yourself in the glass when you were angry?"

Rival Belle: "No, I'm never angry when I look in the glass."

The old maid sat in misery
And murmured mid her sighs and tears:
"There are no lovers' laps for me;
Mine only is the lapse of years!"

Little Boy: "Were you in the war?"
General Whisker: "Indeed I was, and I had many narrow escapes. One ball grazed my arm."

Little Boy: "Couldn't you find a wider tree?"

Quarryman—"Biddy!"

His Wife—"Plat do ye want now, sure?"

Quarryman—"Pour some kerosene on th' foir, an' make it hot, so Oi can thaw out me dynamite."—*New York Weekly*.

First Boy—"I's lost my gran'mother since I seen yer nas', Jim!" Second Boy (the prize scholar of the Band of Hope): "Well, don't worry; she is waiting at the

door of heaven for you!" First Boy: "If she's waitin' for me it isn't at the door she'll be, but behind it with a stick. She always did here."

Old Lady—"If the train should happen to run off the track, would't these stoves set the cars on fire?"

Brakeman—"No danger, ma'am. The only bad places on the road are the bridges."

"Where are you going, Johnny?"

"Don't bother me! I'm a relief expedition, I am."

"Are you playin' North Pole?"

"Naw! I'm goin' to the drug store for peregorie."

Hotel Keeper—"Yes, sir, you'd be surprised at the number of towels we lose—hundreds every year, sir—hundreds."

Traveler—"Ah, yes, I see. Guests mistake 'em for handkerchiefs."

Mr. Wayback (prominent Western citizen): "We think we've caught the feller wot stole our horses, an' we want you to go round an' identify him." Ranchman: "Can't ye bring him here?" Mr. Wayback: "We ain't got no hearse."

Foreman (job office): "What are you working at now?"

Boy—"Runnin' off some business cards of a young woman who wants to do mending fer gents and families."

Foreman—"Gee whizz! Didn't you get word not to print 'em? The order is countermanded. Quick as the boss saw the girl's card, he rushed off and married her."

Bride No. 2—"No other woman ever wore this ring, did she, darling?"

Widower—"No woman on earth ever had it on."

A woman can wash, and a woman can bake

And a woman can sew all day;

But she cannot neglect her neighbors' affairs,

Because she ain't built that way.

Mrs. Grim—"People know you a great deal better than you think they do."

Mr. Grim—"How?"

Mrs. Grim—"Our church society is getting up some tableaux, and they asked me to take the part of 'Patience on a monument.'"

Mrs. McShantee (triumphantly): "I see ye are takin' in washin' again, Mrs. McProudee!"

Mrs. McProudee (whose husband has lost a paying job): "Shure it's only to amuse th' children. They wants th' windies covered wid steam so they can make pictures on them."

Miss Romance—"Oh, I just adore music."

Old Baldie—"You play, I believe?"

Miss Romance—"Play and sing both. What sort of a man ought a woman who loves music to marry?"

Mr. Baldie—"Well—er—I really can't say; a deaf one, I suppose."

Friend—"What's the strike in your factory about?"

Workman—"The boss wants to turn it into a cooperative institution, and make us work for a share of the profits."

"Well, what's the matter with that idea?"

"There isn't any profits."

First Little Miss—"Our family is awful exclusive. Is yours?"

Second Little Miss—"Of course not. We hasn't any-sing to be 'shamed of.'"

Jagson says that "never trust a man till you know him" is good advice, but you never know some men till you trust them.

Practical Father (angrily): "I am told that that young man who comes to see you writes poetry."

Daughter—"Y-e-s, father, he does."

"Huh! Publishes it, too, I suppose?"

"No. No one will print it."

"Then there's some hope for him."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

Teacher—"Spell heroine."

Little Boy—"H-e-r-o-i-n-e."

"Correct. What does it mean?"

"I-I forgot."

"If a little girl should do something heroic, what would you call her?"

"A freak."—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

Mr. Suburb—"Well, how are you getting along with the artesian well?"

Contractor (despondently): "We are down 500 feet and haven't struck rock yet."

Mr. Suburb—"Rock? Good lands! You've got things mixed. I told you to bore for water, man—water. I don't want a stone quarry."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

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The bulk of our lands are in BARNES COUNTY, and range in price from \$4 to \$10 per acre. We have several thousand acres of beautiful pasture, which for HORSES, CATTLE or SHEEP cannot be excelled, and can be bought for five dollars per acre.

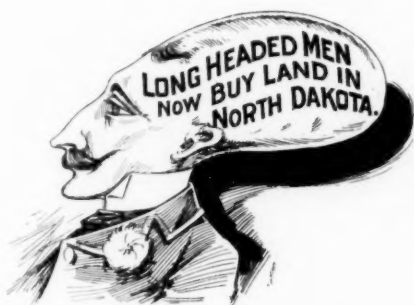
THE SHEEP business has become an important industry in this county within the past two years and has yielded enormous profits. We have some fine pieces of land that are specially adapted to sheep raising, which can be bought for FOUR DOLLARS PER ACRE.

We negotiate and guarantee Loans which will net 8 per cent to investor; pay taxes and make investments for non-residents.

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References: First National Bank, Valley City, N. D.; S. M. Swenson & Sons, New York; Grandin Bros., Bankers, Tidioute, Pa.

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We have an eighty acre tract immediately adjoining a station and townsite on the new Soo road in Stutsman County, North Dakota, which we will sell for cash for \$7 an acre. There will be a good town here and the land will soon

be valuable for platting.

We offer an entire section of 640 acres, only half a mile from this same station, at \$5 an acre. This is a great bargain.

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Or, the Company's Main Office, MANNHEIMER BLOCK, ST. PAUL, MINN.

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North Dakota, South Dakota.

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Drake Block, St. Paul.

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The splendid crops now being harvested in the Northwest will at once result in bringing in new settlers, and prices of good, choice wild lands will soon advance. During the next three months the choicest selections will be secured.

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Lands and town lots will be sold on long time with easy payments. Special inducements offered large investors.

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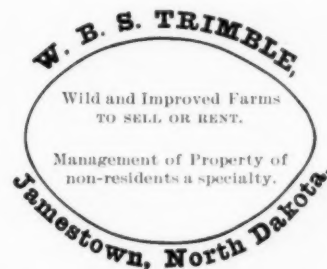
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In Montana,	-	-	" 17,600,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	-	-	" 1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	-	-	9,750,000 Acres

AGGREGATING OVER

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For the best Wheat Lands, the best diversified Farming Lands, and the best Grazing Lands, now open for settlement. In addition to the millions of acres of low priced lands for sale by the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., on easy terms, there is still a large amount of Government land lying in alternate sections with the railroad lands, open for entry, free, to settlers, under the Homestead, Pre-emption, and Tree Culture Laws.

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Agricultural land of the company east of the Missouri River, in Minnesota and North Dakota, are sold chiefly at from \$4 to \$6 per acre. Grazing lands at from \$3 to \$4 per acre, and the preferred stock of the company will be received at par in payment. When lands are purchased on five years' time, one-sixth stock or cash is required at time of purchase, and the balance in five equal annual payments in stock or cash, with interest at 7 per cent.

The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$5 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.50 to \$3 per acre. If purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each of next four years. Interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

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For Prices of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern Land District of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to
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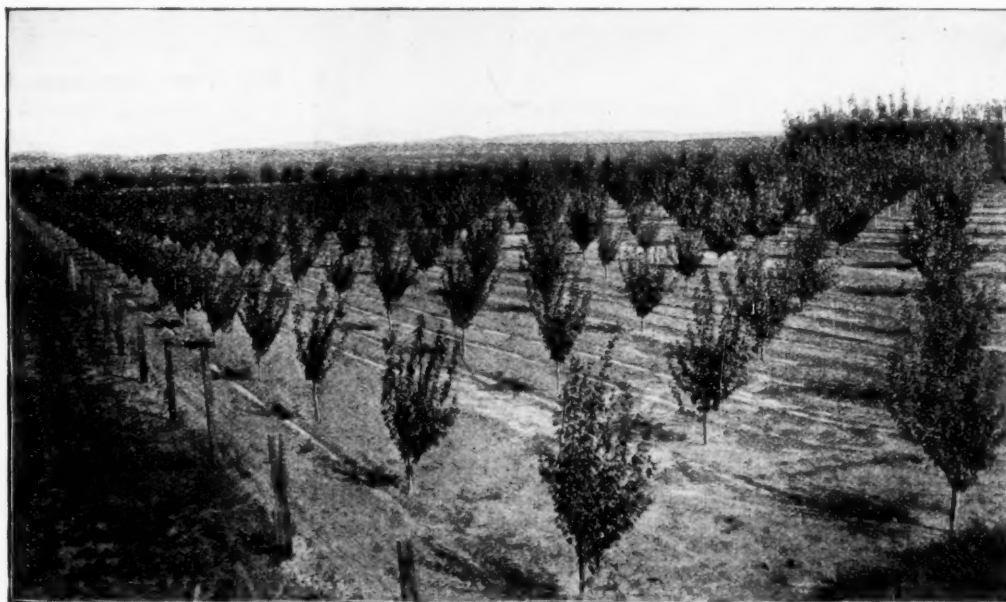
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and the choicest residence property in any part of the city, as well as all the Town Sites on the line of the Great Northern Railway between Kalispell, Montana, and the Pacific Coast.

The Great Northern Railway runs through the agricultural as well as the mineral sections of Montana, Idaho and Washington, affording ample opportunity for thorough investigation as to the resources and unquestionable growth of the following towns located along the line:

Bonner's Ferry, Idaho, destined to be the largest city in the Pan-handle of Idaho, and the supply point for the upper and lower Kootenai mining country;

Newport, Wash., located in the Metaline mining district, and the head of navigation on the Pend d'Oreille River, with magnificent water-power, in a lumber district unequalled in the Northwest.

Whitney, Wash., located in the Big Bend farming district, in Lincoln County, producing 5,000,000 bushels of wheat alone; and a city on the Columbia River on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains.

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